THE RAGGEDIES IN FAIRYLAND

By SHERMAN RIPLEY
Pictures by HARRISON CADY

THE FARM OF THE
FRIENDLY ANIMALS

The Raggedies in Fairyland

The Raggedies in Fairyland

BY

SHERMAN RIPLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY

HARRISON CADY

Rand McNally & Company

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright, 1930, by
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
All rights reserved

Made in U. S. A.

7½MA-30

The Contents

	PAGE
Raggedy Rabbit Captures a Fairy	7
The Round Robin	12
Stealing into Fairyland	17
The Bottom of the Sea	23
The Electric Shark	32
In Neptune's Palace	38
Through Enchanted Portals	48
The Three Adventurers	60
The Bronze Box of Pandora	66
The Royal Christening	75
The War with the Pixies	82
Home through the Air	90

There were all the fairies in their brightest costumes

THE RAGGEDIES IN FAIRYLAND

Raggedy Rabbit Captures a Fairy

How Raggedy Rabbit
Lay down for a snooze,
Had a wish granted to him,
And then couldn't choose.

NOW, once upon a time, the Raggedies started out on a journey to Fairyland. Their great adventure began on the night that Raggedy Rabbit fell asleep under the big oak tree. He had been visiting my garden, and was on his way home with a basket over his arm. The great cold ball of the moon was shining, and its light melted through the branches of the trees, and fell in scattered little patches of gleaming silver along the forest paths.

Suddenly Raggedy Rabbit paused. Then he crept forward slowly, for he heard something unusual—the sound of music. He was used to all sorts of noises in the woods at night—the booming of the bullfrogs, the peeping of the peepers, and the hoot of old Raggedy Owl in the dead hickory tree—but never before had he heard *music* in the woods after dark.

All of a sudden he came to an open place, where

he stopped, and quickly hid himself behind a tree. For what do you suppose he saw? Fairies, holding a dance!

The Cricket and Katydid Orchestra was playing, and there were all the fairies in their brightest costumes, having a wonderful party. Of course Raggedy Rabbit had seen fairies before, for the Raggedy Animals, you know, are quite well acquainted with the fairy folk. But Raggedy Rabbit loved to see them dance, so for a long time he sat and watched them.

By and by the moonlight became dim, and a cold wind began to blow. The moon shadows became darker, and the woods more gloomy. The trees rustled, and seemed to whisper, "A storm is coming, a storm is coming!" Raggedy Rabbit turned up his coat collar and shivered a little. He began to think it was a good time for rabbits to be home. It was now very dark, and a peal of thunder rumbled from the darkest clouds.

The fairies were frightened. Every time the lightning flashed Raggedy Rabbit could see them hurrying away. The orchestra now was silent. The Katydids were packing up their little fiddles, and hopping into the woods. The thunderstorm had broken up the fairies' dance!

Then came the rain! Raggedy Rabbit huddled up close to the trunk of a big oak tree, and decided to wait right there till it stopped. He had on his best clothes, and he hated to get them all wet and muddy; so he curled up and tried to forget the storm.

"I guess I'll take a nap," he said.

The next thing he knew, the morning sun was shining into his eyes, and he sat up with a start. As he looked about him he saw, close by, a strange sight. Curled up under a toadstool was a fairy, asleep. He was beautifully dressed in blue and silver. Evidently he had hidden from the storm under the toadstool, and had fallen fast asleep there.

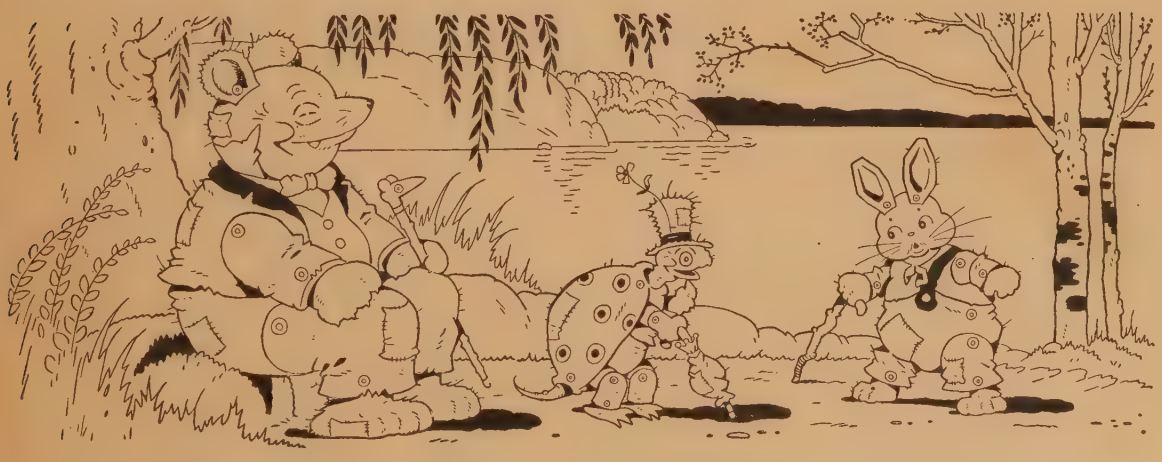
Raggedy Rabbit quickly leaped forward, and caught the fairy in his soft furry paws. He knew it was a lucky thing, indeed, to capture a fairy!

"Oh, let me go!" cried the struggling fairy.

"Grant me a wish, and I'll let you go," replied the Rabbit.

"Hurry!" cried the fairy. "It is getting light, and I must be back by sunrise. What is your wish?"

Now Raggedy Rabbit was very wise, indeed, and he did not want to make a foolish wish. It isn't every day that you can catch a real fairy! So he thought a while



"I thought of lots of lettuce," confessed Raggedy Rabbit

before he replied. Then he said, "If you will come back here tonight I shall tell you my wish. If I let you go now, will you be here and grant the wish tonight?"

"Oh, yes," said the fairy, "but please let me go now!"

So Raggedy Rabbit let him go, and he vanished just like the flame of a candle after you blow it out, only there was no smoke. Raggedy Rabbit knew that the fairy would come back and keep his promise, for a fairy never tells a lie. He picked up his basket and trudged home, all the time thinking very hard, and scratching his right ear. He had a wish! He could have anything in the world he wanted!

What would you have wished for?

When he got home he decided to talk the matter over with his friends, so he went down to the creek, where he knew he would find Raggedy Bear and Raggedy Turtle. He told them the wonderful news.

"Now what would you wish for?" he asked them.

Raggedy Bear shut his eyes and seemed to be asleep, but his friends knew that he was thinking. "What do you want?" he finally asked the Rabbit.

"I thought of lots of lettuce and other vegetables, especially radishes," confessed Raggedy Rabbit.

"But if you had too many you might eat them all at once, and make yourself ill," said the Bear.

"Then I thought of a lot of new clothes and a new house," said Raggedy Rabbit.

"But you have plenty of clothes now, and a fine

comfortable house," objected Raggedy Turtle. "Besides, clothes go out of style."

"I really have everything I need," said the Rabbit. "We all have. We have food and clothing, and a nice place to live. What more could we ask for?"

"I have heard," observed Raggedy Turtle, "that human creatures want much more than that."

"How strange!" exclaimed the others.

Raggedy Bear, who had been thinking, slowly remarked, "It would be nice if you could wish for something that all your friends might enjoy. That would make you happier than anything else. Selfish wishes bring only unhappiness."

"That's a fine idea," agreed the Rabbit. "I wonder what the fairy is doing now. I wish I could go to Fairyland, and ask his advice."

"That's the answer!" cried Raggedy Turtle. "Wish for a trip to Fairyland for yourself and all your friends, with expenses paid, and plenty of time to stop and look at the points of interest."

"Wonderful!" cried Raggedy Rabbit. "I'll do it!"

All that day he was busy sending messages to all his best friends, and that night they assembled in the open place in the forest, and waited rather impatiently for the arrival of the fairy. Only one thing worried Raggedy Rabbit. "Suppose something has happened to the fairy—suppose the fairy shouldn't come!" he thought.

The Round Robin

How Round Robin came
In the light of the moon,
And promised a journey
To Fairyland soon.

FOR a long time Raggedy Rabbit and his friends sat in the moonlight, and waited for the fairy to come. There were Raggedy Bear and Raggedy Turtle sitting close together. The Turtle stretched out his long neck, and tried his best to see the fairy. Raggedy Bear seemed to be asleep.

Raggedy Possum, too, seemed to be asleep. He sat with Raggedy Woodchuck, who was worrying because he had forgotten to put out the milk bottles before leaving home.

Raggedy Coon was doing a trick for Raggedy Squirrel. The Coon was very clever with his long slender fingers. Raggedy Squirrel was so full of curiosity that he often found himself in trouble.

The last of the group, Raggedy Mouse, was busy writing a poem in a little notebook with the tip of his tail. He was called the Singing Mouse, or sometimes the Musical Mouse. He liked the last name better because, as he said, "Some singing is anything but musical."

"Listen to this!" Raggedy Mouse exclaimed suddenly. He stood up and read in a squeaky voice:

LET'S GO!

"I'm bound to go to Fairyland,
Where elves and fays and things
Persist in spending all their hours
In games and plays and things.

"I'm going to visit Fairyland,
I simply have to shout of it;
My bag is packed, my shoes are shined,
No one can keep me out of it!

"I'll find the gate of Fairyland
And march myself right through it, folks;
I'm going to see a brownie if
I have to bust to do it, folks."

"You may be going to see a brownie some day," said Raggedy Squirrel as he skipped about impatiently, "but what we want to know is, are we going to see a fairy *tonight?*"

Just as he spoke, a little door opened in the trunk of a near-by tree, and who do you suppose popped out? No, not a fairy, but a big, fat robin dressed in a herald's costume of red and gold. He puffed out his chest and looked very important.

"I am the original Round Robin," he exclaimed in a pompous manner. "Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinsons, and Robin Hood are all related to me. I am the herald of Oberon. Now that we are all acquainted, I shall deliver my message."

Here he was interrupted by Raggedy Possum, who woke up suddenly, clapped his hands, cried out, "Good speech!" and went to sleep again.

The Round Robin, very much put out by this silly remark, continued his message:

"The fairy captured by the Rabbit last night was none other than Oberon, King of the Fairies."

"If I had known that," Raggedy Rabbit whispered to the Turtle, "I would have asked for *three* wishes!"

"He is unable," continued the Round Robin, "to keep his appointment here, owing to Affairs of State, but he has sent me in his place. Ahum! He will of course keep his promise, and if you will make your wish to me, it shall certainly be granted. But think carefully —our Wishing Department is overworked, and we cannot grant more or less than you ask for. Most wishes are either selfish or unwise. Think carefully. Ahum!"

"We have decided," said the Rabbit, "that we want a trip through Fairyland with all expenses paid."

The Round Robin took a notebook out of his pocket, and started to write with a fountain pen. "There is no ink in this pen," he remarked severely, looking as if the animals were to blame. Raggedy Coon loaned him a pencil, and the Robin asked, "Do you spell 'expenses' with one 'i' or two?"

"Both!" exclaimed Raggedy Possum, who had awakened once more for a minute.

"Ahum! That is as I thought," said the Round

"Do you spell 'expenses' with one 'i' or two?"

Robin. "There is one objection to your wish: no living animals are allowed to pass through the front door of Fairyland. If you enter this wonderful place, it must be through the back door under the bottom of the sea."

"I don't see any objection to that," said the Turtle.

"But we can't all swim under water as you can," said the others. "What shall *we* do?"

"Hum!" said the Round Robin, "I can arrange that. I shall provide you with magic bathing suits, quite waterproof—with them on, you can pass under the sea and come out dusty."

Just then, as they stood talking, they were alarmed by a rustling in the bushes, and a flapping of wings overhead. They saw the sharp, mischievous nose of Raggedy Fox peeping out, and noticed overhead the great, gleaming yellow eyes of Raggedy Owl.

"We have been listening," said the Owl in his hoarse voice. "We want to go to Fairyland, too. We promise not to do anyone any harm."

"Yes, we want to go with you," urged Raggedy Fox. "We promise not to hurt any of you. What could be fairer than that?"

"No!" cried the others. "They have both deceived us many times before. They cannot be trusted."

The Mouse hopped up on a stump and recited:

"Old Owl, you have eyes that are hungry and blinking;
They're hollow, and so is your tummy, I'm thinking!"

"They are right—you cannot go. It is not *your* wish that is being fulfilled," decided the Round Robin. "The wish has been made, and written down in my notebook. What is written there can never be altered. Ahum! By the way, where did I put that notebook?"

As he hunted anxiously through his pockets, the Fox and the Owl, with many a snarl and complaint, crept away together, muttering that they would get even with the others, and would get into Fairyland somehow, if they had to break in!

"Meet me down by the seashore tomorrow morning," directed the Round Robin, "and I shall bring the magic waterproof bathing suits and other gifts. You will also receive directions to Neptune's palace, from which you will find the back door to Fairyland."

So saying, he flew away, leaving the Raggedies all busy talking about their plans for the morrow, and never once suspecting what Raggedy Fox and Raggedy Owl were doing, and the trouble those two were going to make.

Stealing into Fairyland

How Raggedy Fox and
The Owl, feeling sore,
Sneaked right into Fairyland
Through the front door.

WHILE the other animals were making plans for their wonderful journey, Raggedy Fox and Raggedy Owl were hiding in a dark part of the forest, talking things over. They were angry because the others had not invited them to go to Fairyland.

"They have no right to keep us out!" exclaimed the Owl. "What if I do fly about at night, and carry away the sleeping mice and squirrels and other small creatures?"

"They can't keep me out!" exclaimed the Fox angrily. "I'll find a way to creep in somehow. Anybody that can get into a locked hencoop ought to be able to break into Fairyland without any trouble."

"We'll follow them tomorrow morning," said the Owl, "and then we can manage to get in somehow."

"That will never do," replied the Fox, "because we'll never be able to pass under the sea without getting wet, and possibly drowned. I have never been on the bottom of the sea myself, but I understand it is very damp there, and full of danger from quite large fish."

"No doubt you are right," admitted the Owl. "Perhaps we can manage to steal in by the front door."

"That sounds like a good idea," said the Fox, "but how can we find the front door?"

"Let's watch the brownies; they may show us the way," replied the Owl. "I know where they work sometimes, down by the big cliff near the mountain side."

So away they hurried to the big cliff near the mountain side.

By and by, as they watched, they saw a brownie hurrying along with a big bundle on his back. He was an old brownie, with a long beard. Behind him came another brownie, and another, all carrying torches and large bundles. Soon a long line of brownies was in sight.

"Where are you going?" asked the Owl, as he sat in a tree and stared at them with his big yellow eyes.

"We are going back home to Fairyland, with gifts of red gold for King Oberon," replied a brownie. "The gnomes will make this into chains, and bracelets, and rings, and candlesticks for the palace."

"Let us go with you," begged Raggedy Fox, but the brownies only laughed, and hurried along.

When the brownies arrived at the foot of the cliff, the oldest brownie said a magic word. Immediately a door in the cliff opened, the brownies formed in line, and they all marched in. The Fox and the Owl hurried after them, and tried their best to enter, but in vain.

The rock door suddenly closed, and Raggedy Fox almost lost the end of his little sharp nose.

"Well, anyhow," he said, "we have found the front door. Now all we have to do is to get inside."

"That will not be so easy," replied the Owl.

"Hush!" exclaimed Raggedy Fox, "here comes another brownie."

Sure enough, along hurried another brownie. On his head he carried a large basket. His long beard kept getting under his feet, and tripping him. When he came to the door he paused a long time and thought, and then walked up and down as if he were much worried.

"Oh dear, oh dear," he kept saying, "what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"What's the matter?" asked Raggedy Fox, as he crept out from behind a tree.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" was all the brownie would say.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the Fox, thinking he might find some way to get inside the magic door.

"I have forgotten the password, and I am so tired, and this torch and basket are so heavy, and I have a lame leg, and this is my day off, and how can I take it off, when I can't get in to go out?" said the brownie, all in one breath like a whippoorwill.

"Why don't you put the basket down?" asked the Owl suddenly.

"I never thought of that," said the brownie, as he dropped the basket, and sat down on a toadstool.

"Are you sure you can't remember the password?" asked the Fox, craftily. "Try very hard—think—think —*think*."

"I'm afraid I don't know how," said the brownie. "You see, I was so well educated that I never learned to think."

"Try all the letters of the alphabet," suggested the Owl. "Does it begin with A or B or C or—"

"I remember it!" cried the brownie suddenly, jumping up from his toadstool seat. "The word 'alphabet' reminded me of it—it's so different."

"What is the word?" asked the Fox eagerly.

"The word is—let me see, er—um—you know, I mustn't tell you; it's against the rules," said the brownie, suddenly remembering the orders.

But the crafty Fox had thought of a plan.

"Suppose you write it down," said he. "Then you will never forget it again."

The brownie thought this would be a good idea, so Raggedy Fox passed him a little notebook. The brownie wrote the magic password, tore the sheet out, and put it in his pocket. Then he hurried to the door with his basket, whispered the magic word, and popped inside, quick as a wink.

"Ah, now *we* shall go inside," said the Fox.

"But how can we do that?" asked the Owl. "He carried away the sheet of paper with the magic word on it, didn't he?"

The door shut, clipping a feather from Raggedy Owl's tail

"Yes," said the Fox with a smile, "but there is a sheet of carbon paper in that book which prints a black copy of anything that is written in front of it."

The Fox opened the little notebook, and turning to the page beneath the carbon paper, sure enough, he found the magic word:

PUREHNEPO!

"Good!" cried the Fox and the Owl together. "Now we can go inside!"

"We shall be there sooner than Raggedy Rabbit and the others," said Raggedy Owl. "They won't start till morning, and we'll be inside before sunrise. I wonder if there is a sun and moon in Fairyland."

"I hope there is," replied the Fox. "And I hope it will be night and good and dark inside, so that we can hide and not be discovered."

They crept up to the door, and both together said the magic word:

"PUREHNEPO!"

Instantly the door in the rock opened, and the Fox and the Owl darted through. After them the door shut with a loud snap, clipping a feather from the Raggedy Owl's tail.

"See, there *is* a moon!" exclaimed the Owl. He was right. Overhead a big golden moon was shining, brightening the crooked black branches of the trees. They seemed to be in a deep forest. A little path wound from the doorway in among the trees, and then vanished. This path was marked with a silvery-green border of glowworms, and there were many glowworm traffic signs, such as "KEEP TO THE RIGHT" and "STEEP GRADE AHEAD—COAST" and "NIGHT SCHOOL AHEAD—SPEED UP."

The two adventurers crept off the path and hid.

"Are you scared?" asked the Owl.

"N-n-not m-m-much," replied the Fox, but his knees seemed to tremble a little.

These woods were very quiet. At home the Raggedy Animals were used to all sorts of noises at night—the many sounds made by all the little creatures of the woods. But here all was silence, and this dead silence was more dreadful than all the noises that they had been accustomed to hear.

Raggedy Owl did not want to leave the Fox, and as the Fox could not go with the Owl and roost in a tree, the Owl sat on the ground beside the Fox. Soon both were fast asleep, in spite of their fear, for it was almost morning, and they were very tired.

The Bottom of the Sea

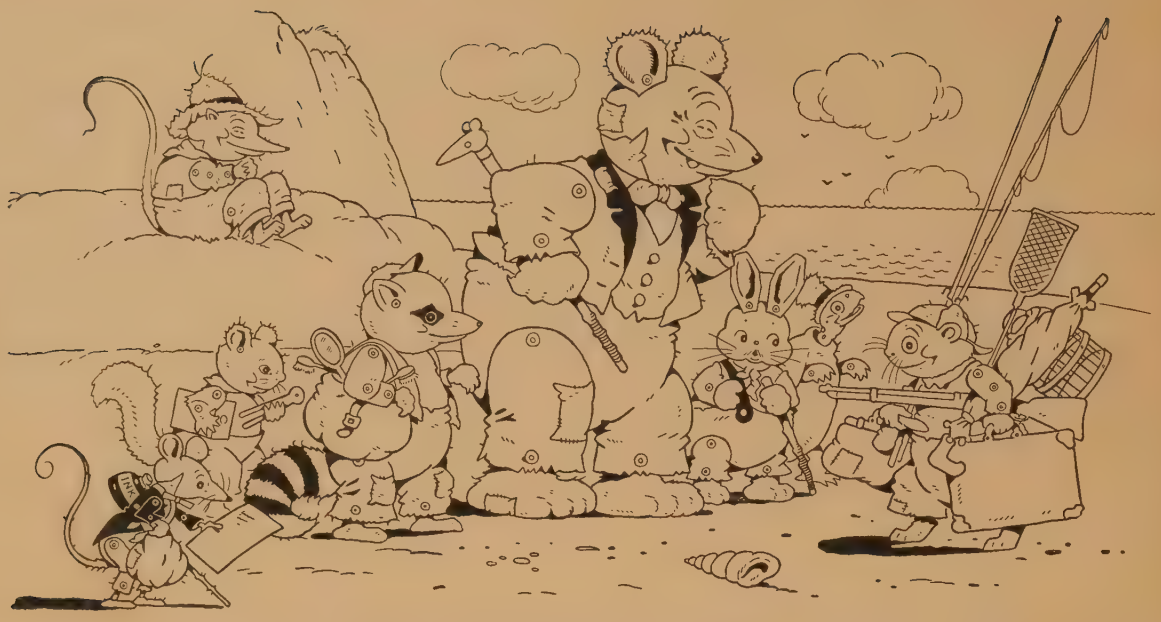
In which, with a courage
Amazing to me,
The Raggedies stroll
In the depths of the sea.

WHILE the Fox and the Owl lay fast asleep in the silent fairy forest, the other Animals were waiting for the Round Robin by the shore of the ocean. They had brought their baggage and slept there all night. Some of them found that Raggedy Bear made a fine, warm pillow!

Except for Raggedy Woodchuck, they had not brought much baggage. Raggedy Bear, Raggedy Rabbit, and Raggedy Turtle were old travelers, and had learned the value of not taking too many things. Raggedy Possum, who was still asleep, was far too lazy to carry anything, and Raggedy Coon had brought only a haversack with lunch and a few toilet articles for the party, such as toothbrushes, towels, soap, and a mirror.

The Squirrel had brought a camera and a nutcracker. The Musical Mouse had brought a notebook, a bottle of ink, and a large cheese wrapped up in a red handkerchief.

But Raggedy Woodchuck, who was of a prudent turn of mind, had brought everything he thought might be useful. He had brought a suitcase, a hand bag, a large



Raggedy Woodchuck had brought everything he thought might be useful

green umbrella, and a fly swatter. He also planned to carry a gun, two fish poles, and a can of fish worms.

"For, you see," he explained, "the ocean is full of fish, and the gun is for flying fish." He also had a bird-cage in which he hoped to bring home a fairy.

"Why do you look so worried, Chucky?" asked the Squirrel.

"I've forgotten something," replied the Woodchuck.

"What?" asked the Squirrel.

"I can't remember," the Woodchuck answered.

"Cheer up!" exclaimed Raggedy Coon, "here comes the Round Robin."

All the Animals stood up and waved as the Round Robin flew solemnly down to the beach. He was dressed in his usual herald's costume of red and gold, and was

followed by three blackbirds wearing collars of silver. Each blackbird carried a small silver box, which he carefully placed on the beach.

"Hum!" remarked the Round Robin. "Here we are again. Yes, indeed. Certainly."

"Good morning," said the others.

"I see you are all quite ready to start," continued the Robin. "Before you leave I must warn you that you are going into danger. You must expect many adventures, and you must be brave at all times. Ahum! To pass under the sea is a serious undertaking. Even I and the King of the Fairies cannot protect you from the creatures of the ocean. He has sent a message to Neptune, Ruler of the Seven Seas, but Neptune himself cannot control all the sharks and other fish of the deep."

This made the Animals look very serious. Just then the Possum woke up, saw their solemn faces, exclaimed, "Who's dead?" and immediately went back to sleep again.

"However," continued the Round Robin, "we have planned to protect you as much as is possible. In this first silver box are the magic bathing suits—perfectly waterproof. Be sure to keep them on until you pass into Fairyland, when they will vanish.

"In the second silver box is the magic whistle. If you need help, just blow it—and wait for Neptune's police force to come to your aid.

"In the third box you will find the key to the back

door of Fairyland; be sure not to lose it. Now hurry and get into your bathing suits—it is time to go."

In less than no time all the Animals were in their new bathing suits, which seemed to fit perfectly, as magic clothes always do.

"One, two, THREE!" they all cried

"What color do you prefer?" inquired the Squirrel of Raggedy Possum, who was still asleep.

"Ham and eggs for me," answered the Possum, who was dreaming of breakfast.

Raggedy Coon helped the sleepy little fellow into his suit, and soon they were all ready.

"Dive right in!" ordered the Robin. "A guide will meet you; he will show you the road to Neptune's palace."

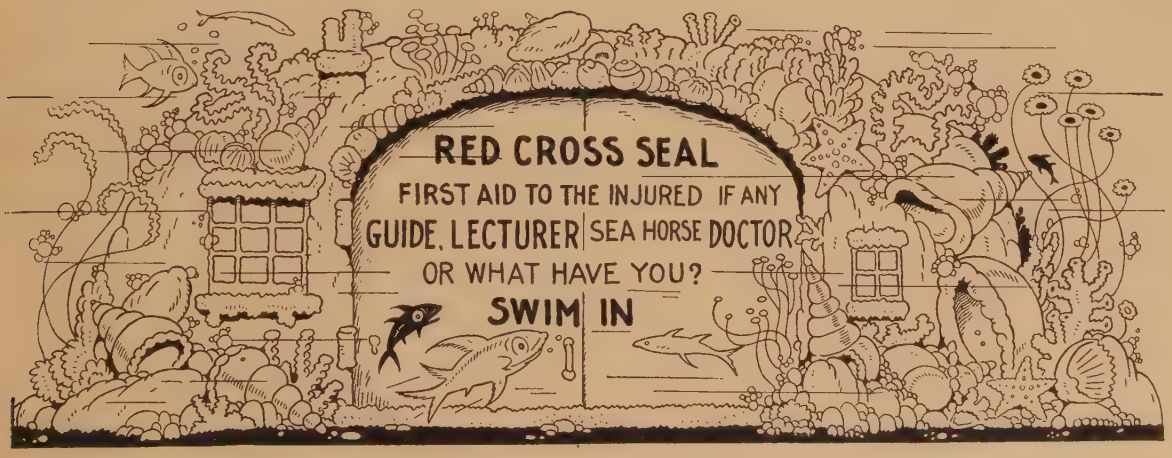
"One, two, THREE!" they all cried, as they bravely dived into the ocean, led by Raggedy Turtle, who seemed quite at home. They found it rather cool and pleasant under the water, although it was not very light. The water seemed to be filled with a murky green twilight, with purple shadows underfoot and rippling waves for sky.

It was very quiet, and as their eyes became more accustomed to the soft gloaming, they noticed strange forests of seaweed, coral, and sponges, with many beautifully colored fish darting about, staring at them with their pale, cold eyes. These fish moved the Musical Mouse to stand up on a lump of coral and recite solemnly:

THE POOR FISH

"Now every Dogfish has his day,
The Weakfish has his weeks,
The Sunfish has a shining ray,
And Horn Pouts have their squeaks.
I like the Angel Fish, don't you?
But Sponges are too shrinking.
The Jellyfish I look right through,
And see what they are thinking!"

Nobody paid any attention to the Mouse. They hurried along a sandy path between tall ribbons of seaweed, and soon came to a queer little house made of old seashells, and covered with mossy green foliage that waved in the tides. On the door of this dwelling was a sign.



The Red Cross Seal met them at the door. He had a Red Cross band on his arm, and carried a medicine bag slung over one shoulder.

"Welcome to our ocean!" he said, rather sadly. "I trust I find you well?"

"Very well, indeed," replied the travelers.

"Well, well!" the Red Cross Seal sighed. "So you are the persons bound for Neptune's palace and the back door of Fairyland. I'm bound to warn you, it is a long way to Neptune's palace, and we shall have to walk all day. We cannot arrive before night—if ever."

"I don't like the way he says 'if ever,'" whispered Raggedy Rabbit to Raggedy Turtle, as they hurried along the narrow path. "What do you suppose he means?"

"He probably means a shark will eat us," replied the Turtle cheerfully.

"Stop!" exclaimed Raggedy Woodchuck. "We must all go back."

"Why—what's the matter?" they all asked.

"I remember what I forgot," said the Woodchuck. "I went away and left the water running in the bathtub."

"We can't go back now!" they all cried.

"Oh, dear," said the Woodchuck, "I always forget something."

"We must hurry along—no turning back," declared the Red Cross Seal, stroking his long whiskers, of which he was very proud.

The Raggedy Animals peered in, their noses against the glass

"Don't you think we had better stop and take a nap?" asked the Possum, as they passed a large dark cave beside the path.

"Not here," said the Red Cross Seal. "A devilfish lives inside that cave."

"What would he do to us?" asked the Squirrel, who always wanted to know about things.

The Red Cross Seal stroked his whiskers, and answered solemnly, "Nobody knows. We never hear a word from anybody he catches."

"Why not?" persisted the Squirrel.

"They never come out," sighed the Red Cross Seal.

"How sad!" exclaimed Raggedy Bear.

"Life is a sad thing," replied the Red Cross Seal.

"What is that?" asked all the Raggedies at once, as a large dark shadow fell on them.

Then they all cried, "A submarine!"

Sure enough, a submarine was passing by them, and as it came closer it sank to the floor of the ocean and stopped. Near the bottom there was a round window. All the Raggedy Animals went close to this and peered in, with their noses against the glass. Inside there was a sailor boy on watch. He seemed to be asleep.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and saw the Animals all in a row, staring in at him.

"Wot-o, hey, Bill, come 'ere quick!" he shouted.

Bill, another sleepy sailor, came and stared out at the Animals.

"Honest, Bill, do you see wot I sees?" asked the first sailor.

"I don't see nothin'," replied Bill, who couldn't believe his eyes.

"'Ave another look, Bill. Don't you see the Animals all a'starin' in?"

"You're barmy; there ain't nothin' there," asserted Bill loudly.

"Well, I'm a'goin' up to see the doctor, then, that's all!" shouted the first sailor, as he rushed from the room.

"How strangely they acted," said Raggedy Rabbit, as they continued their journey.

"Life is that way," replied the Red Cross Seal, with a sigh.

"We must hurry along," declared the Red Cross Seal

The Electric Shark

How after a battle
With vim and commotion,
They find themselves lost
On the floor of the ocean.

THE path now began to wind downward along a steep, rocky hillside covered with many strange fern-like trees.

"When do we eat?" asked Raggedy Squirrel.

"There is a tea house down in the valley," replied their guide.

"What is a tea house?" asked the inquisitive Squirrel.

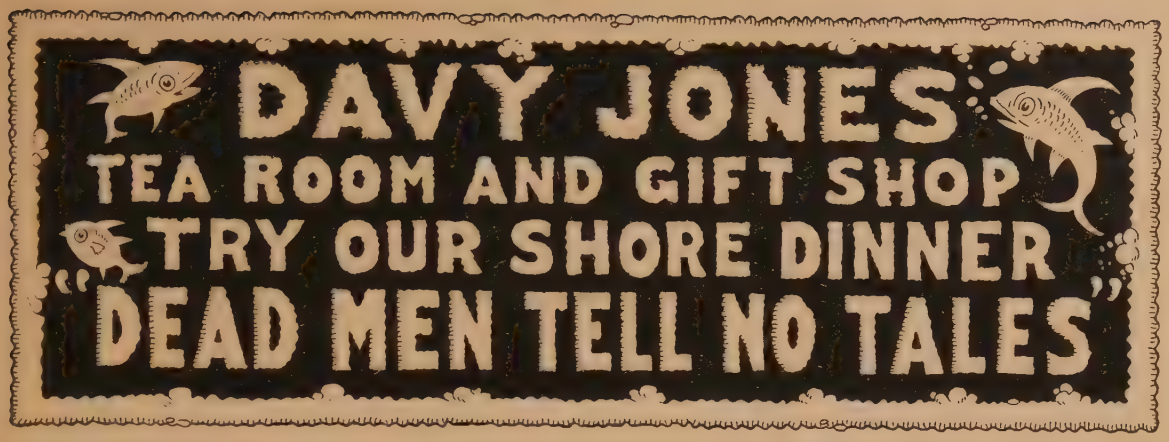
"A tea house," explained the Red Cross Seal, "is a place where you can buy anything but tea."

"I'm not hungry," observed the Mouse, as he took a large bite of his cheese, without offering some to anybody else.

"The rest of us are," said Raggedy Coon, eyeing the cheese hungrily.

"Too bad," said the Mouse, taking another bite, "you have no lunch with you."

They were much relieved to come to the tea house, which was nothing more nor less than an old moss-covered wreck, with a wide porch decorated with barnacles and periwinkles. Above the door was a neat sign.



"What a strange sign!" said Raggedy Rabbit. "Is this a safe place to stop?"

"No place is really safe," answered the Red Cross Seal, mournfully, "but Davy Jones will not hurt you."

So they all trooped in and sat down at the tables on the porch, while Davy Jones served lunch. He was a queer little man with fierce black mustaches. He was dressed like a pirate, with a red bandana handkerchief about his head, and he wore big sea boots.

"What's the news, Dave?" asked the Red Cross Seal.

"Water sports this afternoon—the mermaids and the dolphins, and a water polo game," said Dave.

"Sorry we haven't time to stay and watch them," the Seal answered, "but we must be on our way."

"I hear that the Electric Shark is running wild again," said Davy Jones. "Here, you'd all better carry cutlasses. Help yourselves."

"Then we must leave at once!" exclaimed the Red Cross Seal. And he passed cutlasses to all the Animals and hurried them out and along the road.

"You can't go through," panted the Lobster. "The Shark is ahead"

He led them down this road very cautiously, and the Animals could see he was much worried. He peered fearfully into every cave, and behind every clump of waving seaweed.

Suddenly a large green Lobster came running down the road. Holding up his claws, he shouted, "Stop!" His eyes stuck out with excitement, and he was quite out of breath.

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the Seal.

"You can't go through," panted the Lobster. "The Electric Shark is in the valley ahead. He has eaten up all the small fish, and six of my aunts. Go back!"

"What shall we do?" asked the Seal.

"This Shark is full of electricity," he explained to

the Animals. "I have heard that he receives this electricity through a long wire attached to his head."

"Then one of us might be able to cut the wire," suggested Raggedy Rabbit.

"I have a pair of wire cutters in my bag; I thought they might come in handy," said Raggedy Woodchuck, very pleased with himself.

"Let me have them," said the Turtle. "I'm not afraid to tackle him."

So Raggedy Turtle took the wire cutters, and the Raggedies carefully planned what they would do.

Then they started on slowly. Strange to say, it was Raggedy Possum who took the lead, according to their new plan.

"Stop! Here he comes," whispered Raggedy Possum. "Hide, everybody!"

The Animals left the road and hid behind tall clumps of seaweed and waited, their cutlasses held tightly, and their hearts going thumppy-thump! Raggedy Possum stayed in the road.

They could see two lights coming toward them, one red, the other green. These were the eyes of the Shark. As these eyes came very near, the Shark suddenly stopped and looked at something lying in the road. It was Raggedy Possum, bravely pretending to be dead, so that the Shark would stop.

Would the Shark swallow brave little Possum? He opened his big mouth—his teeth were as sharp as a

double row of knives. He stopped a moment to see if the Possum were really dead. Then he decided he did not care, dead or not he would swallow him anyhow!

The Shark did not notice Raggedy Turtle swimming above him, the wire cutters tightly held in one paw.

"SNIP!" went the cutters—and the Electric Shark's two eyes went out. He was blind!

"Up and at him, my brave men," shouted Raggedy Bear, as they all rushed forward with their cutlasses. Even the Mouse did his part; he seized the Shark by one fin, and bit as hard as he could bite. But he still held firmly to his cheese with one paw.

The Shark was confused, but terrible. He snapped his huge jaws in every direction, and almost crushed the Red Cross Seal with his teeth. The Animals swung

"Up and at him, my brave men," shouted Raggedy Bear

their cutlasses, and stabbed the Shark as hard as they could. Away from the road the battle went, with the Animals hanging onto the Shark, and determined to put an end to him.

At last they succeeded. The Shark suddenly turned over and sank to the floor of the ocean. The fight had been too much for him; he had blown out a fuse.

"Well, I licked him!" panted the Mouse.

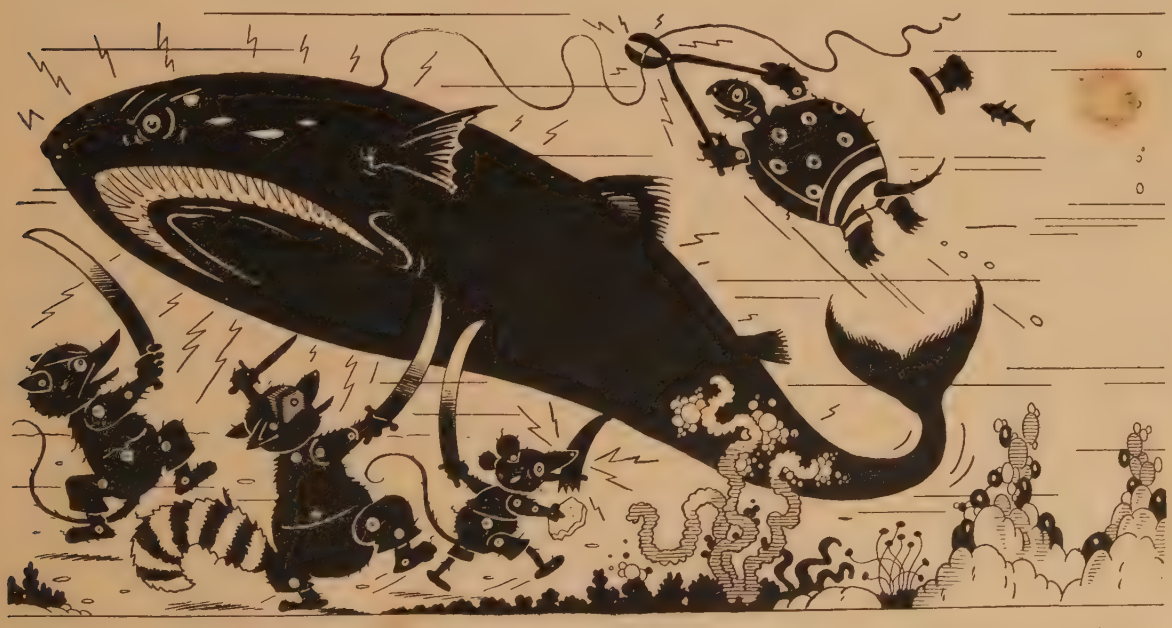
"But where are we?" asked Raggedy Squirrel. "The road is far away; I cannot see any signs of it."

"Yes, where are we?" they all asked.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know," replied the Seal. "I was never in this part of the ocean before."

"Then we are lost?"

"I am afraid," replied their guide, "that we are."



The Animals swung their cutlasses, and stabbed the Shark

In Neptune's Palace

In which, by the palace
Of Neptune they're thrilled,
But Neptune is angry,
And orders them killed.

"LET us talk things over," said Raggedy Bear. "To begin with, here we are, lost on the bottom of the sea."

"Do you suppose we can find the road again?" asked Raggedy Coon.

"I know what to do," said the Musical Mouse. "We must go around and around in a circle—people who are lost always do, but why, I'm sure I don't know."

"Why not open the second silver box," suggested Raggedy Rabbit, "and ask for help from Neptune's police force?"

"A good idea," they decided. So they opened the silver box, and Raggedy Bear blew loudly on the magic whistle.

Nothing happened. He blew again, louder. Still nothing happened.

"I have heard," said Raggedy Turtle, "that it takes a long time for a policeman to come, if wanted. Let us be patient." So they waited.

In forty minutes or so, a large bluefish with brass

buttons swam slowly up, and asked them, "Sure, and did ye whistle?"

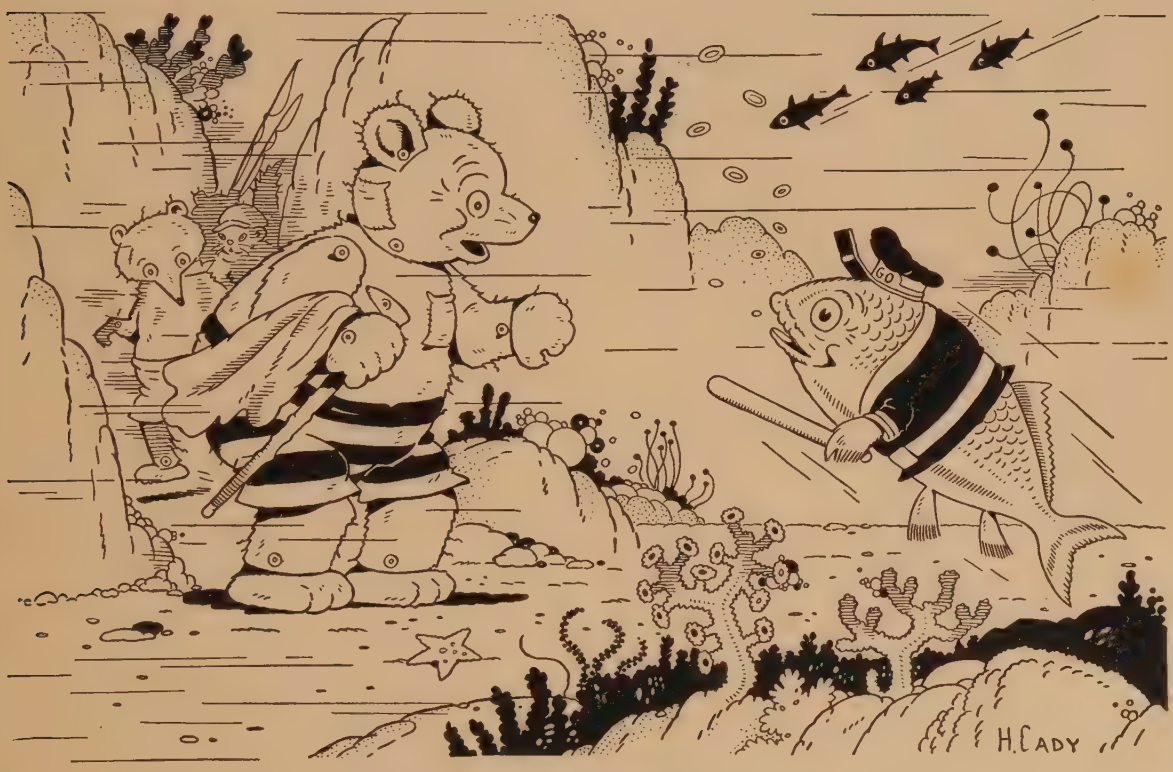
"We certainly did whistle," replied the Red Cross Seal severely, "and why didn't you come?"

"I did. I'm here, ain't I?" questioned the large fish.

There seemed to be no answer to this, so Raggedy Squirrel asked, "Are you Neptune's policeman?"

"I am that," replied the large fish. "I'm the Traffic Carp, and me name is Dennis. What can I be doin' for ye?"

"We are lost," said Raggedy Bear. "Will you please guide us to Neptune's palace?"



"I'm the Traffic Carp," replied the fish, "and me name is Dennis"

Then the Raggedy Animals explained about their battle with the Shark. This seemed to make a deep impression on the Traffic Carp.

"Sure, I'll guide ye," said he, tilting his hat to one side cheerfully. They noticed that the hat had STOP on one side of it, and GO on the other.

Just then the Musical Mouse insisted on "spouting" another poem, this one in honor of their guide:

THE TRAFFIC CARP

"I've never been a Traffic Carp,
I wouldn't want to be.
I'd have to blow a whistle
At the bottom of the sea.

"I'd have to shepherd schools of fish
With hardly any chins,
And make them START and STOP and GO
By wiggling my fins.

"I'd rather be an angel fish,
And play upon a harp—
I do not think that I would like
To be a Traffic Carp."

"It's not so bad as that," said the Traffic Carp. "But come along now, or you will never be at the King's palace at all."

Soon they passed a small shed, and from this shed came the sound of hammering. They saw some strange creatures who seemed to be building a house.

"What are those?" asked Raggedy Squirrel.

"Just some sea horses building themselves a stable," replied the Traffic Carp.

Now Raggedy Squirrel was, as usual, full of curiosity, and he lagged behind to look at the many strange sights along the way. He wanted to touch and understand everything he saw. He noticed a huge Clam lying open on a rock, and of course he stopped to pass the time of day.

"How are you?" he asked the Clam.

"Much the same," the Clam replied, in a cold damp voice.

"Tell me, are you happy?" asked the Squirrel. "You see, I have heard so many people say 'happy as a clam' and I've always wondered just how happy a clam really is."

"Why should I be happy?" asked the Clam, in the same cold damp voice.

"Why not?" asked the Squirrel.

They saw some strange creatures who seemed to be building a house

"If you want me to be happy," said the Clam, "just put your tail inside my shell!"

No sooner did Raggedy Squirrel do this, than the

The Clam closed his shell with a snap

Clam closed his shell with a snap, and exclaimed, "*Now* I'm happy!"

"Ow!" cried the poor Squirrel. "Help!"

The others heard his cries, and came running back to the rescue. Soon they pried the Clam open and released the Squirrel, who held his tail carefully in one hand until the Red Cross Seal put a bandage on it. He did not ask any more questions for some time.

They were now coming to more open spaces, with brilliant gardens and gay flower beds of sea anemones, decorated with starfishes, and bordered with shells lined with lustrous pearl.

"These are the gardens of King Neptune," explained the Traffic Carp.

"What are those queer creatures?" asked the Rabbit.

"Those are sea urchins," replied the Carp.

"What do they do?" asked Raggedy Woodchuck.

"Sure, they sell papers, shine sea boots, run errands, and keep the seaweed out of the King's gardens," replied the Carp. "And a great nuisance the little rascals are, too," he added.

On one side of the path they saw a number of exceedingly small fish all seated at little desks, except two or three who were using the side of a whale for a blackboard.

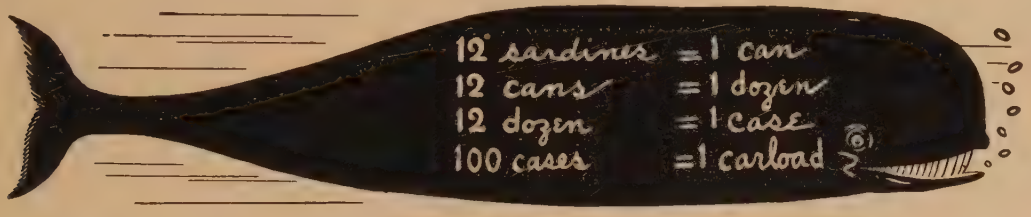
"What are they doing?" asked the Squirrel.

"Sure, that's a school of fish," answered the Carp.

"What kind of fish are they?"

"Sardines," answered the Carp.

The Squirrel peeked over the shoulder of one fish. He was writing his table of measures.



Another was writing: "Imported sardines may or may not be."

As they turned a corner in the path they all cried out, "The palace, the palace of Neptune!"

Before them towered Neptune's palace, a huge building of purple and green, with terraces and walls so high that they vanished in the gloaming overhead.

Before them towered Neptune's palace, a huge building

On each side of the great door stood a dogfish soldier wearing a helmet made of one large shell. Their armor was of pearl, and the swords that they held were ornamented with emeralds and bound to their waists with silver chains.

"I must say farewell here," said the Red Cross Seal. "My journey ends at the palace, and I now return to my duties at home."

All the Animals shook hands with him, thanked him, and said good-by; then he hurried away through the flower gardens.

"The Raggedy Animals have arrived," said the Traffic Carp to the dogfish soldiers.

"Enter!" replied the soldiers, with a flourish of their swords.

The huge doors opened, and the Traffic Carp marched in, followed by Raggedy Bear, with the others close behind. Raggedy Mouse came last, his cheese held tightly under one arm.

They came to a wide doorway. Here a dolphin herald blew a silver trumpet, then called out loudly, "The Raggedy Animals!"

They went into a great hall that seemed to have no roof except green sea water. The walls were decorated with coral and silver, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The floor was of snow-white sand. Curtains of gently waving seaweed hung from the dark windows. Overhead in a sort of balcony an orchestra of mermaids

was playing on strange shell-like instruments. Across the hall a group of important-looking goldfish was gathered about the King.

Neptune sat upon a throne of coral. He was a giant-like man, with a great golden crown upon his head. His royal robes were thrown back against the throne.

The Raggedies marched across the great hall, their chests out and their eyes straight ahead, until they came before the King.

"Greetings, Animals from the Dry Country," he cried in his deep bass voice. "We are glad to welcome you to our palace."

"We thank you, your Majesty," replied the Raggedy Bear, the only one of the Raggedy Animals who was not rather nervous.

"Did you enjoy your journey through my domain?" asked Neptune.

"Say 'yes,'" whispered the Traffic Carp, who had accompanied the party to the throne. "If you don't, he will be very angry."

But Raggedy Bear, who was quite truthful, and rather stubborn, replied, "Well, no, your Majesty, I can't say we did."

"What!" roared Neptune angrily. "Perhaps you did not understand our question—we asked you how you like our undersea dominions?"

"Not so good!" said the Possum loudly. He had fallen asleep, and Neptune's loud words had awakened

"We thank you, your Majesty," replied the Raggedy Bear

him. "Less noise, less noise, please," he added, as he went to sleep again.

"Away with them!" shouted Neptune, as he sprang to his feet and waved his great trident. "Take them to the dungeons—they annoy us."

Instantly they were surrounded by a score of dogfish soldiers with their flashing swords of pearl. Raggedy Bear growled, and showed his teeth; the others were frightened, except the Possum who was snoring again, and Raggedy Mouse, who rolled up his sleeves and squeaked, "Come on—who's afraid!"

Through Enchanted Portals

In which they discover
A hairpin is handy,
And Raggedy Bear finds
A highway of candy.

THE dogfish soldiers were closing around the Animals, and it seemed as if they were to be carried away to the deep dungeons beneath Neptune's palace.

"Stop!" cried King Neptune. "Hold a minute!"

The antics of the brave little Mouse had so amused him that he decided to wait a little, and see more of these strange creatures from the Dry Country. He admired bravery, and he could see that the little Raggedy Mouse was not afraid of his dogfish soldiers.

"Your Majesty," cried the Traffic Carp, "they have done us a great favor—they have killed the Electric Shark!"

"Please do not send us to the dungeons," begged the quick-witted Rabbit, who could see that Neptune was undecided. "My friend here, the Raggedy Possum, risked his life to help destroy the Electric Shark. He was asleep just now, and did not mean to be impolite."

"In that case," said Neptune, "I shall have to forgive you, I suppose. I have sworn to grant any possible favor to anyone who should rid me of the terrible Shark."

"Then, your Majesty, we ask that we may be allowed to pass through the door into Fairyland," quickly said Raggedy Bear.

"Yes, your Majesty, we are in a hurry, because I left the water running in my bathtub—" began Raggedy Woodchuck.

"Your wish is granted," replied Neptune. "Tonight you may sleep in the palace, and tomorrow we shall conduct you to the back door of Fairyland."

That night all the Raggedy Animals enjoyed a supper of sea food, except the Mouse, who still preferred to nibble his cheese.

Early the next morning a crab messenger awoke them by gently pinching their toes, and showed them to their breakfast.

After breakfast another messenger, who was nothing more nor less than a large, pink Jellyfish, guided them to King Neptune. On the way the Mouse stopped the procession, much to the consternation of the Jellyfish, long enough to recite this poem:

SEA FOOD

"When I am seated scribbling, I am not averse to nibbling
A bit of kippered flipper, and some ink;
But the food that I best love—it's the thing I'm fondest of—
Is a dish of lemon Jellyfish, I think!"

Neptune welcomed them kindly, and led the way to the sponge gardens on the west side of the palace. Here they saw three beautiful grottoes of coral. Inside the

"You can't open the door without the key," said Neptune

last—a dark cave lighted dimly by strange fishes fiery like glowworms—they came to a door of pearl and silver.

The Raggedy Animals gazed with wonder at this door they had come so far to enter.

"Where is the key?" asked the King.

"I gave it to Woody to carry when we had the battle with the Shark," said Raggedy Bear. "It was in the third silver box."

"Dear me, so you did," said the Woodchuck. "Let me see, where did I put it?"

Hurriedly he searched all his pockets and bundles, but in vain.

"Suppose he has lost it!" exclaimed Raggedy Coon.

"What did you do with it?" they all asked.

"Let me see—let see me!" muttered the Woodchuck, turning all his pockets inside out. Then he began to search again through his suitcase and bundles.

No use—he could not find it anywhere.

"Well, you can't open the door without the key," said Neptune.

"What in the world shall we do?" asked Raggedy Squirrel.

"I have an idea!" said Raggedy Coon. "If some one will get me a piece of wire, I'll bend it, and make a key that may unlock the door."

"Getting the wire is easy," said Neptune. "Have one of the mermaids bring me a hairpin." As soon as he received the hairpin he passed it to Raggedy Coon, who bent and twisted it in his long slender fingers.

"Now we shall see," he said, as he tried his home-made key in the keyhole of the magic door. He turned and twisted and pushed and pulled and wiggled and poked and rattled the wire, until, "CLICK," went the lock, and the door flew open.

Then, saying a friendly good-by to King Neptune, the Raggedy Animals all hurried through the door and into Fairyland.

Instantly the magic door closed, their bathing suits vanished, and they found themselves dressed in their usual clothes. The sun was shining brightly; it was a beautiful day. Everywhere fairies were flying about them. Big, soft clouds were floating across a sky of cornflower blue.

They seemed to be in the open country; green fields spread all about them, and many lovely flowers grew in

the meadows by the roadside. These flowers were quite strange in color and form; some were as large as sunflowers, and they were of every color in the rainbow. A number of brownies in automobiles and on blue bicycles were hurrying along the road.

The road itself was very hard and shiny. It wound its way down into a hollow, and around a bend. It was white, with red stripes, like a strip of Christmas candy cane.

"Looks like candy," observed the Bear. "Smells like candy." He tasted it, and cried, "Declare to goodness, it *is* candy!" He sat right down in the road, and the others had to hold him and pull his short stubby tail to keep him from eating a big hole there.

"You mustn't do that!" they cried. "You'll make a hole in the road, and there will be an accident; don't be a road hog."

Raggedy Bear licked his chops and looked longingly at the stripes as they went along again. Soon they came to a party of brownies repairing the road with cans of red cinnamon paint, and little pots of melted sugar.

The brownies smiled and said, "How de do? We have been expecting you for the Round Robin left a message. He said for you to follow this road until you come to the Farm of Friendly Animals where he will meet you. If he is not there, all of you will please wait for him."

"I hope we won't have to wait too long," said Rag-

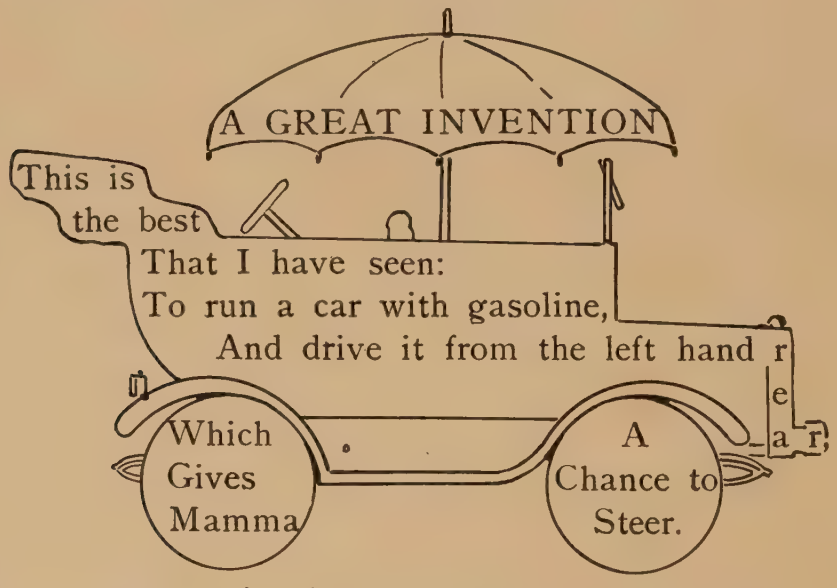
"You mustn't do that!" they cried. "Don't be a road hog"

gedy Woodchuck, "because I went away and left the water running in my bathtub—"

"Honk, honk!" tooted a small automobile, coming up just behind them. It was a brownie's automobile, and the whole Brownie family was in it. It looked like a Ford—"They even have them in Fairyland!" muttered Raggedy Rabbit.

In the front seat were Father Brownie and two small brownies and the Brownie cat. In the back seat were Mother Brownie and two more little brownies and the Brownie kittens. The steering wheel was in the back seat so that Mother Brownie could steer the car from the back without straining her voice.

This greatly amused Raggedy Mouse, who stopped in the middle of the road and recited:



They soon arrived at a large estate, and over the gate was a sign: THE FARM OF THE FRIENDLY ANIMALS.

They walked up a clean molasses-taffy road, and reached a comfortable-looking farmhouse. The Round Robin himself was there to greet them; he looked as fat and important as ever.

"Welcome to Fairyland!" said he pompously. "Ahum—I had a most excellent speech of welcome all written out, but I seem to have mislaid it somewhere. I fear I wrapped up a bundle with it this morning, but never mind—I will not make the speech."

"Hooray!" shouted the Possum, who had dropped off to sleep, and was dreaming about the Fourth of July.

"Come in," invited the Round Robin, somewhat put out by this interruption, "and have lunch. Afterward I shall show you the farm, and introduce you to many of the animals."

So after an excellent lunch of ice-cream cones (and cheese which the Mouse offered to nobody else), they started out to visit the farm.

"On this farm," explained the Round Robin, "live all the famous animals that you ever heard about. They never quarrel, because they are all fairy animals now, and they are very happy here. That is why we call it the Farm of the Friendly Animals."

There were many buildings and pastures scattered about on the estate. The first one they visited was a pretty little cottage where the Three Bears lived. They were very glad to show their visitors all over the house. They even showed Raggedy Bear the little chair that

Goldilocks broke, and Raggedy Squirrel with his usual curiosity asked, "Where is little Goldilocks now?"

"We never saw her again," replied the littlest Bear, sadly, "and she would have made me such a fine playmate, too."

"We are glad to have met you," said Raggedy Rabbit politely as they took their leave. "It is so nice to meet some story-book animals."

"Yes," replied the biggest Bear, "especially since you are story-book animals yourselves!"

This remark was a great surprise to the Raggedy Animals, and the Musical Mouse at once got up on a fence post and read:

STORY-BOOK ANIMALS

"We're story-book animals—so the Bear said.
That's rather surprising to me;
We don't want to be simply printed and read—
We feel just as live as can be!

"There are things beyond knowing by eye and by ear.
Are friendship and honesty true?
Is happiness real, and is courage and fear?
Then we are realities, too.

"I hope they don't mean that we're wooden and dead—
I've tried to believe it in vain;
For the story-book man brought us out of his head,
And he can't put us back there again."

They next passed the house of the Third Little Pig, and found him and the Old Wolf sitting on the porch

together, playing checkers. The Old Wolf had won three games running, and was quite proud of it.

"The Pig is letting him win," explained the Round Robin. "He does it to keep him good-natured."

On their way to the duck pond the Raggedy Animals passed a pasture where a number of fine-looking horses were grazing. Among these were Pharaoh's horses, Black Beauty, and the wonderful winged horse, Pegasus, who seemed to be slightly lame.

At the duck pond they met The Frog Who Would A-Wooing Go, and a most beautifully dressed froggie he was. They were also introduced to a flock of big silly-looking geese.

"These are the geese that saved Rome," explained the Round Robin.

"How long did they save it?" asked Raggedy Coon.

"No, you don't understand," said the Round Robin. He explained that an enemy once attacked the city of Rome, and that these geese had made such a clatter they aroused the Roman soldiers, and so the city had been saved.

The Raggedy Animals found the farm a large and most interesting place. It took them several days to see it all—in fact they soon lost track of time, and never *could* remember just how long it took to do anything in Fairyland. They made friends with the Parrot of Robinson Crusoe, and had a long talk with Santa Claus' Reindeer.

"How do you like it at the North Pole?" asked Raggedy Squirrel, talking with one of the Reindeer.

"Not so well," replied the Reindeer. "It used to be nice, but now it is so crowded that I go there only in the holiday season to help Santa Claus out. I have written a poem about it. Since you urge me [nobody had] I shall read it to you:

THE NORTH POLE

"A reindeer's life is hard, you bet,
Within the polar zone—
It's quite impossible to get
A chance to be alone.

"For now explorers come on wings
In almost hourly trips—
They fill the air with junk, and things
They throw from off their ships.

"They litter up the snowy scenes
With ads on every hand,
'No Parking' signs, used magazines,
Old shoes, and bags of sand.

"And so I spend the summer here,
And live on grassy diet;
I'd love to stay throughout the year
In calm and peace and quiet."

They all applauded this poem except Raggedy Mouse, who remarked, coldly, "Not so bad—for a reindeer," giving the impression that *he* could have done much better.

They met Jumbo, the huge elephant, and Beautiful Joe, the dog. They comforted the Three Little Kittens who had lost their mittens, and were smiled upon by the Kittens' mother, the Cheshire Cat. But for some reason Raggedy Mouse took an instant dislike to the good-natured Cheshire Cat. He muttered to himself:

"The rose is white, the violet's yellow,
I do not like that smile, old fellow!"

These and many more famous and interesting animals became their friends, and it was with sorrow one bright morning that they learned that they must say good-by to the Farm of the Friendly Animals.

"Today," said the Round Robin, with an important air, "I have received a message from Titania, Queen of the Fairies. Her youngest child, Buttercup, is to be christened, and we are all invited to attend the christening. We shall have a wonderful time."

"How far is it to the palace?" inquired the Rabbit.

"About ten million miles," replied the Round Robin.

"How can we ever travel so far—I certainly can't, with my short legs," said Raggedy Turtle.

"We go by airship," answered the Round Robin. "Time and distance mean nothing in Fairyland. Ahum!"

"Here comes the airship now!" cried the others so loudly that they awakened Raggedy Possum, who was curled up fast asleep, as usual. The Raggedy Animals all gazed into the sky in wonder at the strangest airship they had ever seen.

The Three Adventurers

How Raggedy Fox
Goes to sleep in a den;
The tale of the Pie Rat—
And what happened then.

PERHAPS you have been wondering what Raggedy Fox and Raggedy Owl were doing while the other Animals were traveling in Fairyland. You may be sure they were up to some mischief. They had crept into Fairyland without being invited, and they were angry at the other Animals for not asking them along.

Of course it was their own fault that they had not been invited, but they never thought of that. They were so foolish! They didn't know that when you try to "get even," you always hurt yourself more than anyone else.

They had crept into the Gloomy Forest and fallen fast asleep. They slept several days and nights—they never knew just how many, for it is very hard to keep track of time in Fairyland, especially when you are asleep.

They were finally awakened one morning by something pulling at their clothes. The Owl did not awaken at once, but Raggedy Fox, who always slept with one eye open, made a quick snatch, and caught the little animal who was trying to steal his coat.

It was a large rat. He struggled and fought, and tried his best to escape. He was dressed in red trousers and a blue vest, with a sash about his waist, and a yellow kerchief about his head. His mustaches bristled fiercely, and in his sash was stuck a pistol and a cutlass.

"Who are you?" demanded the Fox, "and what do you mean by stealing my clothes?"

"I'm the Pie Rat," squeaked the other. "I'm a dangerous, desperate buccaneer. Let me go, and I'll fight you for your waistcoat!"

"Whoooo!" shouted the Owl, who was now wide awake. "Aha, a rat—just the thing for breakfast."

"No," whispered the crafty Fox. "He will serve us as a guide. He probably knows this country, and can show us about. Let's question him!"

He snarled to the Pie Rat fiercely, "My friend the Owl is going to eat you up if you don't do just as I say, and answer all my questions!"

The rat struggled and fought, and tried his best to escape

"Aye, aye, me lad," replied the Pie Rat. "I'll pipe down and tell you my story—we can all be shipmates together and help each other. But let me go, matey—let go me neck—oooch, you hurt!"

"Then you must give me your pistol," said the Fox.

"Help yourself, matey," said the Pie Rat. "It isn't loaded anyway—I just use it to crack nuts."

Then he sat down on a log and told the others this story:

"I always had a hankering for the sea, as you may say. When I was a youth, I lived in a small seaport town, and my parents were set on my following my father's trade. He was a taster in a cheese factory.

"But it was not to be, mates, it was not to be. I was a rover, and one fine day I ran away to sea. I shipped as a stowaway, third class; I soon rose to be an able-bodied Pie Rat, first class—and many a fine cruise I had. On one cruise I saved the ship single-handed. She caught fire amidships, and I gnawed four holes in the ship's timbers, let in the sea, and put the fire out."

"I should think the ship would have sunk, with holes in it," observed the Owl.

"So she did, so she did," replied the Pie Rat, "but that didn't matter—I'm a good swimmer. I swam ashore to a desert island, where I was captured by a squad of pirates who were burying a chest of treasure. The pirate captain left me on the island to guard the treasure. He told me to wait till he returned.

"Mates, I sat on that treasure chest for six and a half years, but nobody came, and I began to suspect they weren't coming. But ahoy, one morning here comes another ship. It put out a boat and men came ashore. It was an American ship; the men had a map, and they set out to find the treasure.

"When they found it, I gave them a great battle, but they were ten to my one, and they captured me and took me to America. I escaped and swam ashore, they after me. I saw a procession of brownies going into a cave, and in order to put my pursuers off the track I caught a brownie by the neck and made him change clothes with me. The pirates mistook him for me and carried him away. What they did with him, I never knew.

"I fell in line, and entered the cave with the other brownies. I found myself in Fairyland, and here I've lived for years. I can't get out, and I don't dare show myself, so I lie hid, and watch my chance to get away. What I have, I steal. I'm a derelict, mates, a ship without a chart—and I can't get out. That's my story, mates, and I hopes we can find the way out together."

"If you will show us something of the country, we may be able to help you escape," proposed the Fox.

"Right-o, mates, come along this path through the forest," the Pie Rat agreed.

"What strange trees!" exclaimed the Owl. "They seem to have hats and shoes growing on them."

"So they have," replied the Pie Rat. "Those are hat trees and shoe trees. When a brownie or a fairy wants shoes or a hat he just comes out here and picks one of the right color and size."

"How queer!" exclaimed the Owl.

"Aye," said the Pie Rat, "and over there you can see some vest trees and pant trees."

"Is that a fairy?" asked the quick-eyed Fox, as he glimpsed a small figure flitting through the woods.

"No, that's an elf," replied the Pie Rat. "We have fairies here, and elves and brownies and gnomes and kobolds."

"How can you tell them apart?"

"Well, lad, the fairies have wings, and are most wonderful to behold. They do nothing but kind deeds, I've heard, and carry messages for the Queen. The brownies dress in dark colors, and do all the hard work; they would rather work than eat. They build the houses and roads of Fairyland, and they are good soldiers and policemen.

"The gnomes dig gold and precious stones, and make fine golden chains and ornaments. The elves wear bright colors, but have no wings. They have mighty queer little eyebrows that stick out like whiskers on a cat, and they are the artists and musicians, and such. They paint the flowers and autumn leaves, carve snow-drifts, and the like. Mighty clever they are, you can lay to that. Sprites are lady elves and wait on the Queen.

"The kobolds are household fairies. They wear little blue aprons, and do the housework and cooking. German is the only language they can speak."

"How can you understand what they say?" asked Raggedy Fox.

"You can't," replied the Rat, "and it saves a lot of trouble."

"Suppose a kobold wants to leave his position?" asked the Owl.

"He's not allowed to; if he does he gets punished—they make him eat his own cooking."

The three of them had now arrived at a very large open field, and they paused at the edge of the forest to make sure they were safe.

"It is too early for anybody to be here, lads," decided the Pie Rat. "This is the fairy airship field. Over on the other side is the Jumping-off Place—come, and I'll show it to you."

At the far side of the field the ground came to an end, and dropped straight down to nothing. As they peeked carefully over the edge, all that Raggedy Owl and Raggedy Fox could see was just blue sky—there was no bottom.

"I have heard that if you jump off here you fall back to the earth again," said the Pie Rat, "but who wants to fall that far? Not I, me hearties.

"Come," he added, "and I'll show you the Garden of Pandora."

The Bronze Box of Pandora

In this you will learn
How the wonderful box
Of Pandora was opened
By Raggedy Fox.

THE Pie Rat led Raggedy Fox and Raggedy Owl back into the forest, and along a winding path that took them at last to a clearing where a lovely garden grew. There were tall hedges and beautiful lawns with little signs, "PLEASE WALK ON THE GRASS." There were fountains, and a lake with swans floating about on it, and willow trees whispering to their reflections in the water. Everywhere the pond lilies were beautiful in their bright, clean yellow and white.

"One day a funny thing happened here," said the Pie Rat. "The pond lilies went on a strike, and refused to open. A serious thing it was, too, because the Queen was coming that day. The elves were worried to death—and what do you suppose they did?

"They got the kobolds to cook up a hundred fried eggs, and scattered them about the lake. The Queen rode by and never noticed the difference. The pond lilies were green with envy."

They soon entered an open glade, and in this clearing was a circle of smooth lawn. Directly in the center of

this lawn was a low platform, and in the middle of the platform they saw a silver box. A brownie lay on this box, sound asleep.

"That box contains the Invisible Cloak," explained the Rat.

"Isn't there some way we can get it?" asked the Fox, who was a great thief.

"Try it," said the Rat.

The Fox stole softly forward, but as soon as he stepped onto the green lawn, a bell rang loudly, and the brownie popped up and cried, "Who's there?"

He was a very large and fierce-looking brownie—a soldier; he had a sharp sword slung in his belt.

"Excuse me, I have lost my way," said the Fox.

"I haven't seen it," growled the brownie, "and you have made me lose my annual nap."

"I haven't seen *that*, either," said the Fox with a smile.

"Humph!" said the brownie.

"What have you inside the box?" asked the Fox.

"The Invisible Cloak," replied the brownie. "I have guarded it for three thousand years; many have tried to steal it."

"What did you do to them?" asked Raggedy Fox.

"We buried them."

"What does the cloak look like?" persisted the Fox.

"I have never seen it," said the brownie.

"What—you have guarded it for three thousand

"You have made me lose my annual nap," growled the brownie

years and have never seen it? Won't they even let you look at it? And haven't you ever had a vacation?"

"It does seem sort of unfair," admitted the soldier, "but I can look at it if I want to."

"I'll bet you're afraid to even look at it."

"No I'm not, either." He hopped up and opened the box; the Fox crept nearer.

"Why, that's not the Invisible Cloak!" cried the Fox.

"Yes, it is," retorted the other. "I'll put it on and prove it." So saying, the brownie put on the cloak, and at once became invisible.

"There—now you can't see me!" he cried.

"Oh, yes I can," said the deceitful old Fox. "Here, let me show you."

"All right, you put it on—you can't fool me," said the brownie.

So the Fox slipped the cloak on—and vanished. Then he ran away, with the brownie shouting after him, "Hey, come back—come back here, now!"

The rascally old Fox quickly rejoined his companions. "We'll find a use for this cloak," he remarked, as he tucked it under his arm and hurried along with the others into the woods.

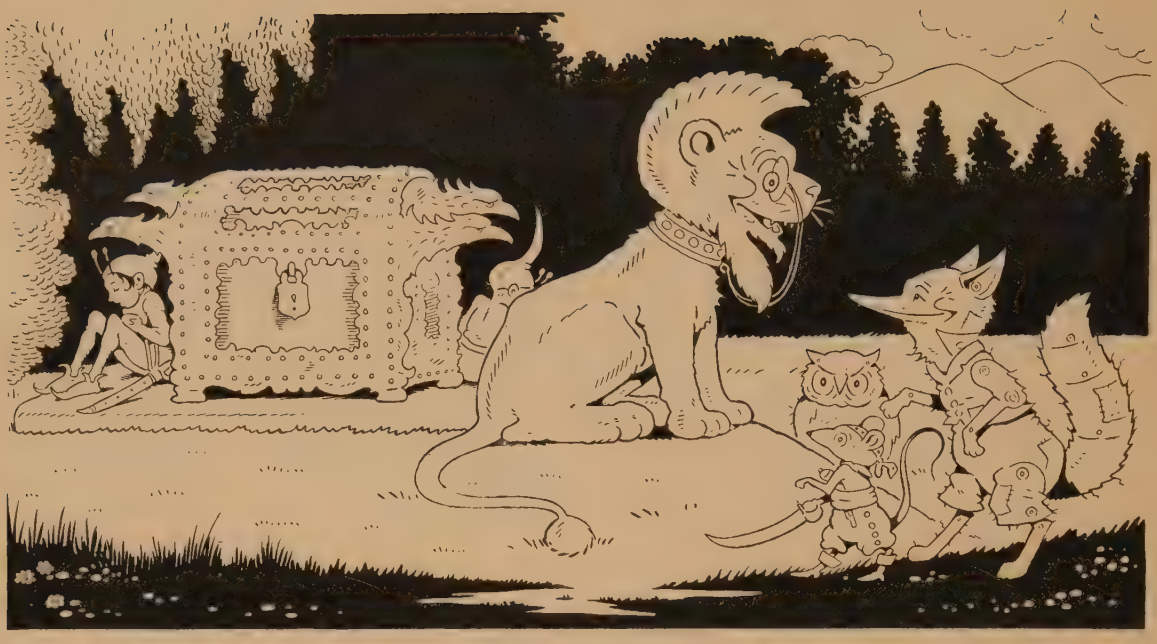
"I want to show you the Bronze Box of Pandora," said the Pie Rat. "Come along this path, just over into the second clearing."

They followed the Pie Rat into a wide open space surrounded by tall poplar trees. In the center of the green was a huge bronze chest guarded by a monster that seemed to be a great lion of bronze—but very much alive. About his neck he wore a gold collar, and in his right eye there gleamed a single great eyeglass that gave him a most dignified appearance. He raised his head and stared at them severely.

At each end of the chest lay a brownie, fast asleep. The chest itself was of curious design; at each corner a sort of eagle's head stuck out, and the adventurers noticed that these heads seemed to be alive, although they were part of the box.

"Those are the Gargoyles," said the Pie Rat. "Aren't they ugly?"

"Indeed we are not!" said the Gargoyles.



"The fairies wanted the best person to guard this chest—"

"Indeed, they are!" asserted the Bronze Lion loudly, "but rawther impolite to mention it—what?"

"We beg your pardon," said Raggedy Owl quickly. "We are travelers, and we think that your country is wonderful. Won't you tell us what you are doing here, and what is in that strange chest?"

"Certainly, old chap, glad to oblige," said the Bronze Lion, vigorously polishing his eyeglass with the tip of his tail. "This is the chest of Pandora. It is full of pixies and imps, doncherknow. All sorts of trouble, no end, if we let 'em out.

"Back in the Old Days, Pandora, a little Grecian maiden, was left to look after this chest, and she promised not to open it. But curiosity got the best of her, and she decided to peep inside. My word, she was jolly well

surprised when all the bloomin' little imps came popping out! They say that those imps have made all the trouble in the world. All the sickness, you know, and fear and trouble and worry and grief and pain and misery and silly things like that."

"Did they get the imps and pixies back in the box?" asked Raggedy Fox.

"Er, no, old chap, they didn't," replied the Lion, "but, you see, only a few got out; the cover fell again, and most of the imps never escaped. The little rascals are still in this chest, and they are jolly well going to stay there. The fairies wanted to get the very best person possible to guard this chest—"

"So they picked you," remarked the Owl.

"Naturally," admitted the Bronze Lion.

"I should think your brownie soldiers would stay awake," observed the Pie Rat. "If the watch slept on my ship, we heaved them overboard."

"Really," said the Lion. "Not a bad idea, what? If I don't watch them all the time, they drop off."

"'While the cat's away the mice will play,'" quoted the Owl.

"How's that?" asked the Lion, much puzzled.

"I said 'while the cat's away the mice will play,'" repeated the Owl. "It's just an old saying."

"What cat?" asked the Lion, peering through his eyeglass.

"Why, any cat, I suppose," replied the Owl.

"But, I say, why did she go away, and where to?" persisted the Lion.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the Owl.

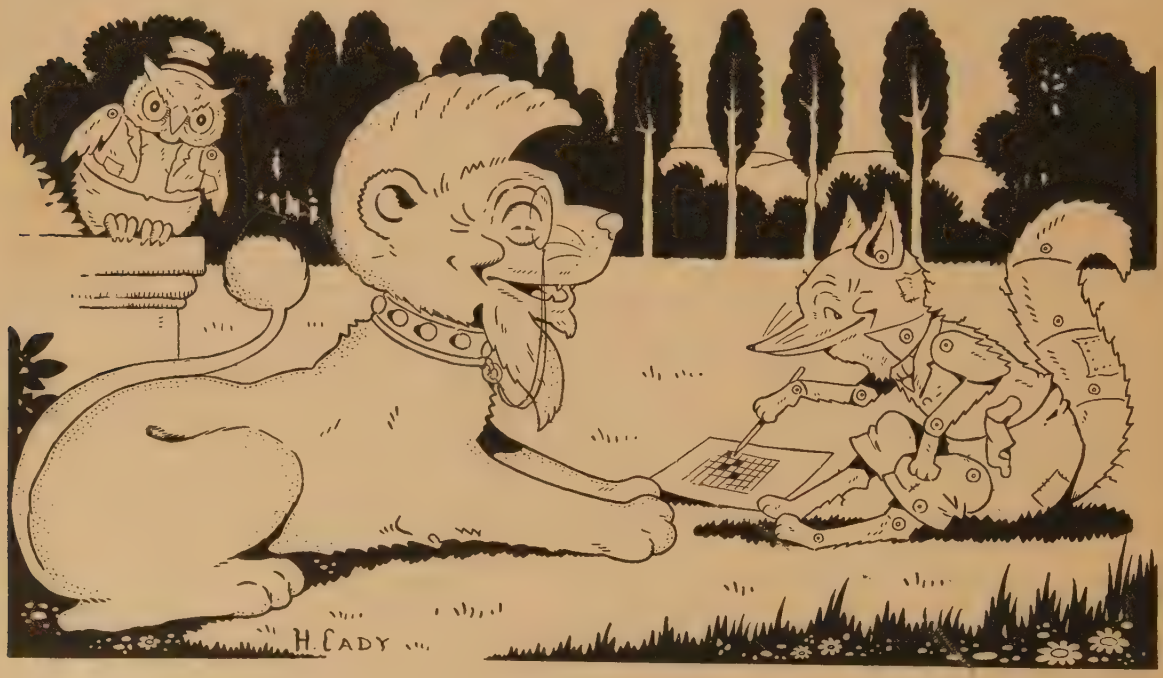
"It seems a silly thing to do—to go away when there were mice about," pondered the Lion. "Are you sure you have it right, old chap?"

"I believe so," responded the Owl.

"And what were the mice playing?" continued the Lion. "Couldn't they find anything else to do? What happened after that?"

"I don't know," answered the Owl, who was beginning to feel confused.

"I don't see any sense to it," decided the Lion. "Suppose we talk about something else."



"What is a three-letter word meaning distant?" said the Lion

"Are you fond of crossword puzzles?" asked the old Fox, who was planning to open the chest, and thus injure the other Raggedies.

He was thinking to himself, "If we can get him off the chest, we can all hide beneath the Invisible Cloak and open the cover. Then the imps and pixies will drive the other Animals home where they belong."

So he showed the Bronze Lion a crossword puzzle that he had in his pocket, and the Lion became very much interested.

"Let's sit on the grass where we shall be more comfortable," suggested the Fox.

"Right-o!" said the Lion. "What is a three-letter word meaning distant?"

"Fur," said the Fox. "Like a cat's tail—fur to the end."

Just then, quick as a flash, he signalled to the other two conspirators, and they all crept under the Invisible Cloak and hurried to the chest. The Lion did not notice their disappearance. He was muttering, "fur to the end . . . . fur to the end . . . ."

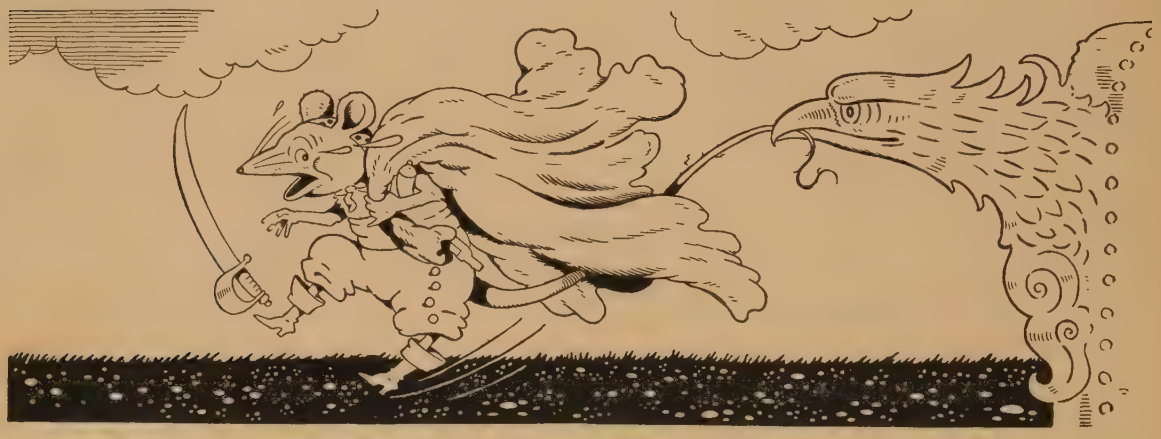
They reached the chest, being careful not to awaken the brownies, and started to raise the cover. With a big heave they threw it open. Thousands of black imps and pixies of every horrible shape poured out with a loud buzzing sound!

The three thieves were to pay dearly for their wicked act! The Gargoyles stretched out their necks and cried,

"Thieves!" One of the Gargoyles, noticing the Pie Rat's tail sticking out of the cloak, bit off the end of it.

The Pie Rat jumped high in the air, screamed, "Man overboard!" and threw the Invisible Cloak to the ground. Instantly the three thieves were surrounded by hundreds of fierce black pixies, who bit them and stung them until they ran for their lives.

Over the hedges and through the parks ran the three, with a cloud of pixies after them. They gained a little as they ran through the woods, but as they came to the open airship field, the pixies closed up again, and bit and stung them unmercifully.



One of the Gargoyles bit off the end of the Pie Rat's tail

Closer and closer to the Jumping-off Place they were driven, until with a shout they were forced over the dizzy edge, leaving a cloud of angry imps buzzing at the brink!

They fell and fell, turning over and over! Even the Owl fell, for he had been so badly stung he could not open his wings!

The Royal Christening

Now armies are gathered,
And bugle calls ring;
The pixies are marching
To capture the King.

THE fairy airship that was to carry the Raggedy Animals to the royal christening was merely a huge cigar-shaped cloud, with a comfortable observation car with seats and large windows hung below it.

At the front a cheerful elf sat at the wheel. He was the driver. No sooner were they seated, than away they went faster than you can think. They didn't mind the speed at all, for the glass windows kept out the sharp little fingers of the rushing wind.

The airship flew quite low, and followed the road. Here and there were groups of brownies digging holes in the highway.

"Why are they digging up the road?" asked Raggedy Squirrel. "There doesn't seem to be anything the matter with it."

"There isn't," replied the Round Robin, "but they belong to the Highway Department."

"They must waste a lot of time," remarked Raggedy Bear.

"You can't waste time," replied the Round Robin.

"You can use it as it goes by, but there is always just as much left—for somebody."

"How is that?" asked Raggedy Woodchuck, who had piled his baggage on a seat, and was sitting on the floor.

"I shall try to explain," replied the Round Robin. "Time goes on forever. There are just as many yesterdays as there are tomorrows. We stand still, but time goes round and round. It has no beginning and no end."

"Like a circle," remarked the Turtle.

"Exactly," said the Robin.

The airship slowed down as they came to a DETOUR sign. The elf driver turned the ship to the left, and they passed a number of elves scrubbing the clouds.

"We have to go around them in order not to interfere with their work," explained the Round Robin. "Those clouds must be clean for the christening."

Beneath them they saw armies of brownie soldiers marching to the christening, and many elves painting the flowers and trees bright colors. The roads were dotted with queer cars and wagons filled with brownie folk, all headed for the palace of the King and Queen. The air was crowded with fairies fluttering along like bright butterflies.

"We are almost there," said the Round Robin. "This is the city wall. Those tall buildings with the towers are the palaces of the King and Queen. We shall land in the royal gardens; I have special permission."

The ship was descending, and they made an easy landing on the lawn of the lovely garden. A rather fierce-looking brownie met them as they came down from the ship.

"Welcome to the Queen's gardens," said he. "Come, and I will show you some of the flowers."

"Wait!" cried Raggedy Rabbit, as the airship started to leave, "where is the Possum?"

They looked all around—he was missing!

"Here he is!" cried the elf driver.

Sure enough; he had fallen asleep in the car, and he had to be poked and prodded and dropped overboard, or he would certainly have been carried off.

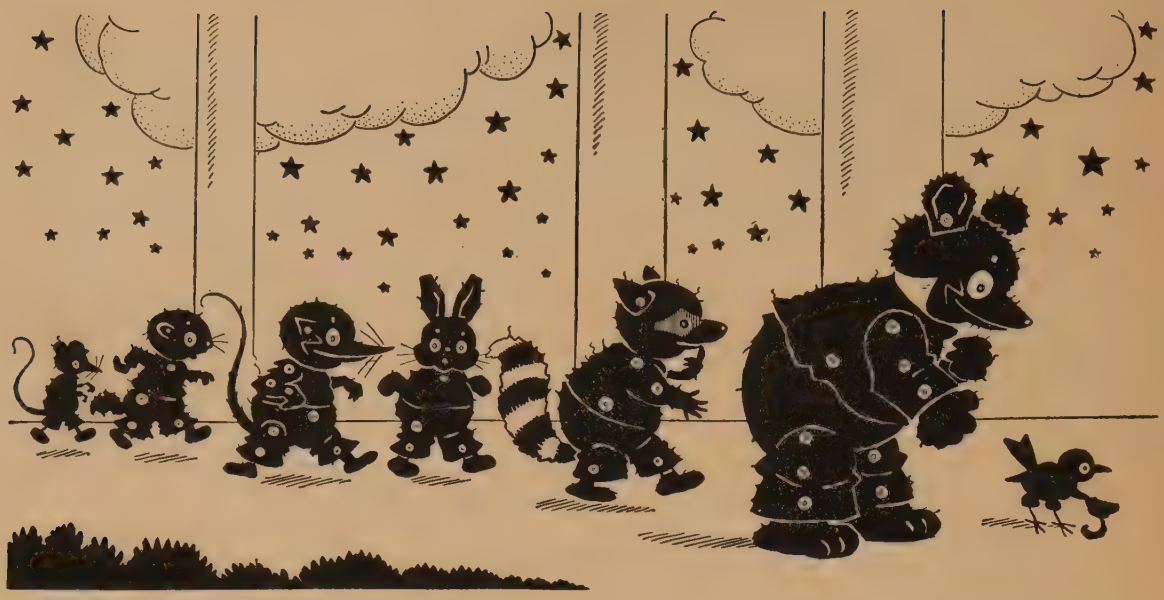
"Oh, dear!" cried Raggedy Woodchuck, as the airship flew away. "I left my umbrella and bird-cage in the car!"

The brownie conducted them to a very large building filled with flower beds. Each flower bed was inside a little cage.

"I am the Keeper of the Flowers—I train them," said the brownie. "Some of them, such as the Snap Dragon and the Dandy Lion and the Wild Rose, are quite dangerous. We have to keep all the wild flowers in cages."

"What kind of a plant is this?" asked Raggedy Mouse, peering into a cage.

"Catnip!" shouted the brownie keeper so suddenly that the Mouse almost lost his balance.



They entered the throne room, which was supported by golden columns

As they came to the end of the building they were met by a squad of brownie soldiers in gleaming purple and gold. They were the Royal Guard, who were to conduct them to the palace.

"We must hurry," said the Robin. "The christening is soon to begin."

Escorted by the Royal Guard, they marched into a courtyard and over a drawbridge held by golden chains. On either side of the door were more soldiers, wearing silver armor and crimson cloaks. They blew a blast on long trumpets, and the party marched into the castle.

"Is my hat on straight?" asked Raggedy Mouse.

They found themselves in a vast hall whose roof twinkled with stars. Gayly dressed guests filled the room. They looked with interest at the Animals.

As they entered the throne room, which was sup-

And saw at the end of the room two dainty and beautiful figures

ported by wide golden columns, and decorated with bits of blue sky and sunset clouds, the Raggedy Animals heard the soft music of a great organ, and saw at the end of the room two dainty and beautiful figures that they knew must be King Oberon and Queen Titania.

Raggedy Rabbit remembered how he had caught the King in the forest not so long ago. He shivered in his shoes. Suppose the King were to be angry!

The Royal Guard conducted them close to one side of the throne, where they could observe all that happened. The christening ceremony started at once. The Queen herself held the tiny fairy child on a cushion of rose petals. The Queen was attended by her hand-maidens, all of royal birth, who were dressed in the gauze of butterflies' wings, and wore veils of gossamer trimmed with dewdrops.

King Oberon and a tall solemn brownie in a blue hat conducted the ceremony, which was soon over. After the ceremony, the Queen passed the child to a tall fairy dressed in gold.

"That is Sunbeam, the baby's fairy godmother," whispered the Round Robin. "Now we can watch the fairies bringing gifts to the child."

A fairy dressed all in blue stepped forward and gave the baby Hope. Another fairy gave her Happiness and Health. Other fairies in their turn gave her Laughter, Joy, and Patience. Still others brought gifts of Industry, Kindness, Wisdom, Charity, and Truth.

Last of all came an old fairy who wore a dark cloak and carried a staff. As she mounted the steps of the throne all the assembly became silent. Even the brownie soldiers seemed frightened.

"That is the old Queen of the Sky," whispered the Round Robin. "She is the oldest and wisest fairy of all. She will tell the fortune of the child."

"I bring you no gifts—these are for young fairies to bring," cried the Queen of the Sky in a harsh voice. "I am here to foretell the life of this child, to pierce the clouds of today, and to spread before you the distant tomorrows.

"This child will be happy and wise, and will reign over the land, when her time comes, in peace and prosperity. Now I bring you bad news: a great calamity approaches; I see death on every hand. I see clouds of

foes; they darken the sun. I see our army scattered and beaten back. But at last our country shall be saved by these strange and friendly guests from the Earth. Trust them, and all may be well."

As she spoke, she pointed her staff straight at the Raggedy Animals, who were staring at her in astonishment, wondering what it was all about.

No sooner had she finished than the door burst open, and in staggered a brownie soldier. He hurried across the hall, and threw himself before the throne. His uniform was torn and blackened, and he was evidently badly hurt.

"The imps and pixies, your Majesties!" he cried. "They have escaped and declared war upon us! They have surrounded the city! There are thousands of them, and we are hard put to keep them outside!" Then he fainted.

"To arms, to arms!" cried the King.

"To arms, to arms!" cried everybody. "Down with the pixies—to arms!"

The War with the Pixies

How Raggedy Turtle
  Swims out in the damp,
And acts as a spy
  In the enemy's camp.

FOR a moment there was a pause; then all was confusion. The guests hurried away. The Queen of the Sky cast a spell about the walls of the city, which would keep the enemy out for a short time, at least. The King, the Chief of the Elves, the Chief of the Brownie Army, and others took counsel as to how they could capture the imps and pixies.

The Raggedy Animals had been ordered to remain. They listened to the Council of War with much interest, although Raggedy Possum *would* persist in falling asleep.

"We must find out what the enemy means to do," said King Oberon. "Our spells will not last long; after that the pixies will come over the walls, and we shall be destroyed."

"But your Majesty," said the Chief of the Brownie Army, "they are watching every chink in the walls. If so much as a mouse tries to enter their camp, they tear him to pieces! We have sent out four scouts—none has returned."

"I have a plan!"

Everyone stared at the speaker. It was the Turtle.

"Let me go," said he. "They will never notice me, or if they do, I'll pull my head and legs under my stony shell and they will not know I am alive. I can creep into their camp and find out all about their plans."

"A good idea!" cried the Chief of the Elves.

It was decided that the Turtle should leave that night at midnight. At that hour he said good-by to his friends, and dived into a river that ran through the city. He swam silently, with his body under water. After a while he pushed his head up out of the water, and looked about him. He could see pixies everywhere along the bank—he was now outside the city!

He swam silently to the edge of the stream, and crept ashore. He had to crawl between two sleeping imps, who were on guard near the shore; then he hurried

The Turtle swam silently to the edge of the stream, and crept ashore

away from them, and made his way toward the camp of the enemy. Everywhere pixies and imps were grinding their sharp stingers on tiny grindstones.

In a surprisingly short time he found himself close to what seemed to be the pixie headquarters. He made his way carefully toward the largest tent, for he decided the Pixie General would have the largest tent of all. Under the edge of this tent he crawled, and listened.

"We can capture the city tomorrow night," an imp was saying. "Are the boats all ready?"

"Hundreds of them, your Majesty," said another.

"Then at midnight tomorrow we shall steal up the river, into the city, and with half the army, take it by surprise. They will open the gates, and the rest of the army will complete the attack."

"But they have put a spell on the walls," objected one.

"But not about the river; we have captured the River Fairy, and we can enter there," said the first voice.

"Good; it is decided, then. By tomorrow we shall have burned the city, and all Fairyland will be ours."

"What was that noise?" asked one imp suddenly. The Turtle had broken a twig! He held his breath. One of the imps began a search of the tent. He tripped over Raggedy Turtle, but since the Turtle had cautiously drawn in his head and his feet, the imp thought he was only a stone, and reported, "Nobody's here."

As soon as he dared, the Turtle crept away. It was quite light now, and he wondered if he could get back

safely. He kept to the tall grass, and made his way to the river bank. Just as he was about to creep into the water, along came two black, hairy pixies. The Turtle

"If the fairy army used sunshine, we wouldn't have a chance"

stopped and pulled in his head and feet. The pixies evidently mistook him for a stone; they sat down upon him and started to talk about the weather.

"More sunshine!" grumbled one. "How I hate it!"

"So do I," whined the other, "sunshine and laughter, I hate 'em both—so do we all."

"If the fairy army only used sunshine and laughter instead of swords, we wouldn't have a chance against them," said the first.

"That's true," said the other. "What chance have grief and worry and pain and fear against sunshine? It's lucky that these stupid fairies don't know we're afraid of light and happiness."

"I'll see that the fairies *do* know your secret if you ever get off my back," thought Raggedy Turtle.

By and by the pixies did get up and strolled along the bank, complaining and snarling at each other. Raggedy Turtle crept into the river and once more swam under water. He had several narrow escapes, but after a time he was able to dive beneath the city wall and come up inside the city.

A squad of brownies brought him to the palace, where he found the King and his friends anxiously awaiting him. How glad they were to see him safe and sound! He soon told his adventures and what he had learned to the King, and was promptly honored by all the Council.

"We can capture the pixies that enter by the river," said the King. "The spider fairies must make a huge net. Good swimmers can carry the net under the boats. We will let the pixies enter, and then close the net about them, and we shall have them."

"I can do the swimming," said Raggedy Turtle.

"We can help with the net," said the other Animals.

"I can haul the net ashore," Raggedy Bear offered.

"Thank you all," said the King.

"Tomorrow we will attack the enemy," the King continued. "The Fairies of the Dawn shall spin us armor made of sunshine, and the Happiness Fairies shall make us slings that will throw joy and laughter."

"Good!" exclaimed the other leaders. "With these

weapons and the help of our Animal friends, the imps will never be able to withstand us."

Eagerly they all set to work, and by midnight the huge net was ready. Hundreds of brownie soldiers were waiting with Raggedy Bear to help him draw it ashore. Raggedy Turtle and the gnomes had flung its coils under the water along the bed of the river, and all was in readiness.

Hush! What was that?

Hundreds of little boats were stealthily approaching. More came—and yet more—all filled to the gunwales with pixies and imps. As the last of the boats of the enemy appeared, a whistle was blown, and with a cheer and a chorus of laughter the huge net fell, encircling the enemy! At once it was gathered up by Raggedy Bear and his army of helpers.

As they pulled the heavy net ashore, the spider fairies were everywhere mending it, and making sure that none of the pixies escaped. Only one imp escaped from the net. He got stuck in the mud of the river bank, and was promptly laughed to death by Raggedy Mouse, who discovered his plight.

In the meantime the fairy soldiers were lining up, and as soon as the sun was shining brightly, all the gates were opened, and out they marched in a shining cloud, their armor gleaming in the sun. With them went the Raggedy Animals, the huge Bear well in the lead.

"What do I care for the stings of a few imps?"

said the Bear. "They can't be worse than the stings I get at home when robbing a hive of wild bees of its honey."

The pixies were frightened. Half their army had vanished during the night, and not a trace of it could be seen. The bright armor of the fairies dazzled their eyes, and the showers of laughter that fell upon them made them helpless and bewildered.

They met the fairies bravely, however, and fought a desperate battle. At times it seemed as though the pixies would drive the fairies back into the city. Raggedy Bear and the other Animals were everywhere, battling for the fairy army.

"Woof!" snorted Raggedy Rabbit, as he brushed a pixie from about his ears. "This is worse than fighting a hive of hornets!"

The fairy army was now circling about, in order to surround its enemies. In the meantime Raggedy Bear had located the King of the Pixies and had pinned him to the ground with one huge paw. Scores of imps were buzzing all about him, but he brushed them off.

"Surrender!" he cried.

"I surrender!" cried the King, who realized that his army was surrounded.

At once the victorious flag of the fairies was raised, and a great cheer sounded from the city wall. The beaten imps and pixies were taken into the city, prisoners.

Into the city marched the triumphant army, with

Into the city marched the triumphant army, with banners flying

banners flying and bands playing. And in the place of honor marched the Raggedies.

"One thing I don't like about this war," said the Raggedy Mouse to himself. "I've mislaid my cheese and I can't find it anywhere."

That night a state banquet was held at the palace in celebration of the victory. The Animals were praised and honored until they became quite embarrassed. The King hung a chain of gold about the neck of each one of them, and Raggedy Rabbit made a speech that was not too long.

"The Queen of the Sky was right," said the King. "Thanks to you, our friends, our country has been saved!"

Home through the Air

In which the adventurers
Take their last ride,
And find there is something
They cannot decide.

IT WAS the morning after the great banquet. The Animals were sore from their battle with the pixies, but they all agreed they had had a wonderful time.

"I have been thinking," said the Bear, "that it is time we started for home."

"I suppose all good things must end," observed Raggedy Coon.

"And I must gather some nuts for my winter store," said Raggedy Squirrel.

"Yes, and don't forget the water is still running in my bathtub," added Raggedy Woodchuck.

So that morning they told the Round Robin that they were sorry, but they thought that they should be starting back home. They paid a farewell visit to King Oberon and Queen Titania, who urged them to stay, but the Animals thanked them and told them they had all decided that they should be starting back.

"As a special mark of honor you shall go back by air," said the King. "My best airship will be at your disposal."

At noon they went aboard the King's big bright airship, and waved good-by to their many friends in Fairyland. The Round Robin went with them to make sure they got home safely. As the airship rose, a guard of soldiers fired a volley, the band played, and hundreds of fairies flew with them for some distance.

The airship soon left the Jumping-off Place far behind, and began to pass many clouds of strange shapes and colors. The elves were painting these, and trimming them with large shears.

"What is that round thing down below?" asked Raggedy Squirrel.

"That is the Earth," replied the Round Robin.

"It looks like an orange," decided Raggedy Mouse, who was peering out a window.

"Suppose we come to the wrong place on the Earth—what shall we do?" asked Raggedy Squirrel.

"We'll just wait until your forest comes 'round underneath," replied the Round Robin. "The Earth turns round and round, so if we wait long enough, your home is sure to arrive."

It was not long before they noticed three strange objects falling near them, and the elf pilot steered the ship so the Animals could observe them more closely.

It was the Pie Rat and Raggedy Owl and Raggedy Fox, who were still falling! Over and over they were turning, like three frightened pinwheels. They were sore from the stings of the pixies, and very, very unhappy.

"Ship ahoy, please let us ride with you," cried the Pie Rat.

The Raggedy Animals were much surprised to see their mischievous enemies in such a plight. The Round Robin had heard all about them, and how they had let the pixies out of the bronze chest, but he had said nothing about it to the other Raggedy Animals because he thought it might make them feel bad. He had learned that when it makes people unhappy to hear a secret, it is a pretty good plan not to tell it.

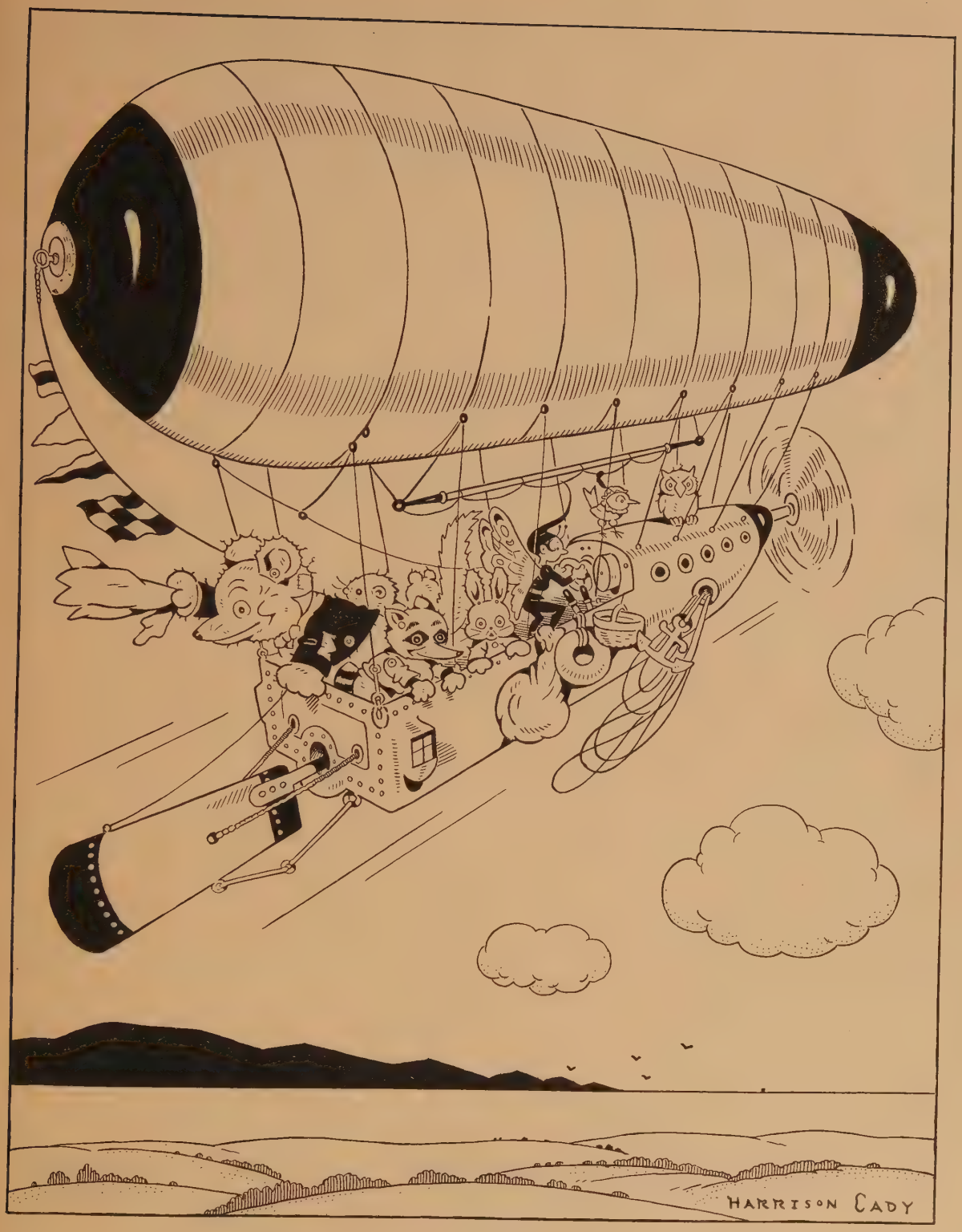
And so, when the Animals asked if the Fox and his friends might travel with them, the Round Robin ordered the elf pilot to slow the ship a trifle, and they hauled the three adventurers aboard.

"Do tell us how you happened to be here!" the Squirrel exclaimed. "Are you trying to play pinwheels?"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised!" said the Fox, who suspected that he had better not tell all the mischief that they had caused.

They were now much closer to the Earth, and they could see a great ocean that gleamed like a blue sapphire in the sun. There were a number of large islands also, and as the airship came nearer, they could see mountains on these islands. Some of them were surrounded by smoke and fire.

"Those are volcanoes," said the Round Robin importantly, much like a schoolmaster giving a lecture. "These are the islands of Japan."



The Raggedies waved good-by to their many friends in Fairyland

"How green the hillsides are, and see, they are all cut up into tiny squares, like a checkerboard!"

"Yes, those are the rice fields. You will see them for miles."

"What is that great country near Japan?" asked Raggedy Turtle.

"That is China," replied the Robin.

"It must be a long way to America," remarked Raggedy Coon.

"I see another ocean now," cried Raggedy Rabbit, as they passed over a great body of blue water.

"No, that is the Mediterranean Sea," said the Round Robin. "South of it you can see the coast of Africa, the land of the *Arabian Nights*. That long bit of land on the north shore is Greece; that country next to it, shaped like a boot, is Italy."

"I have heard of those countries," said Raggedy Bear, "but I never expected to see them."

"*Now* I can see the ocean!" cried Raggedy Rabbit.

"Yes, that is the Atlantic, and the next land will be America." They flew over the ocean for miles.

"That must be America!" cried Raggedy Bear.

"Yes, you are almost home now," replied the Round Robin. "This is the seashore from which you started your journey to Fairyland. We shall land in a few minutes."

Softly as a falling leaf the airship drifted down to the beach. The Raggedy Animals all hopped out and

ran up and down to stretch their legs. It seemed good to be home!

The Pie Rat, the Owl, and Raggedy Fox crept away into the woods at once. The others said good-by to the Round Robin, and shook hands with the elf pilot.

"As soon as we leave you," said the Round Robin, "you will fall into a deep sleep. You may not remember your visit to Fairyland very well; the fairies do not like to be too well known. But you will all be happier and better, and will be friendly with the fairy folk always."

He hopped into the airship, waved good-by, and puff! the ship vanished like a wisp of smoke!

"I feel so sleepy," yawned Raggedy Possum.

"You always feel sleepy," replied Raggedy Bear. "Strange—I feel sleepy myself."

He stretched himself on the beach and was soon fast asleep. The others found him a soft pillow, and they, too, were unable to keep their eyes open. A fairy spell had fallen on them all!

When they awoke it was bright morning. They sat up and looked all about them.

"I wonder if the Round Robin will come," said Raggedy Possum.

"What do you mean?" asked Raggedy Bear.

"Isn't he coming to take us to Fairyland?" asked the Possum.

"Why, he *did* come," replied Raggedy Bear, "and we all went with him—don't you remember?"

"No, did he?" asked Raggedy Turtle.

"Well, I *think* he did," replied Raggedy Bear doubtfully.

"I seem to remember something about it," said Raggedy Woodchuck, "but I'm so forgetful—"

"I remember about it a little, but maybe I dreamed it," said Raggedy Squirrel uncertainly.

"Anyhow, my cheese is all gone," cried Raggedy Mouse.

"Now that you mention it," said Raggedy Rabbit, "I seem to remember that we went under the ocean and met the King and Queen, and had a battle with somebody—or something—"

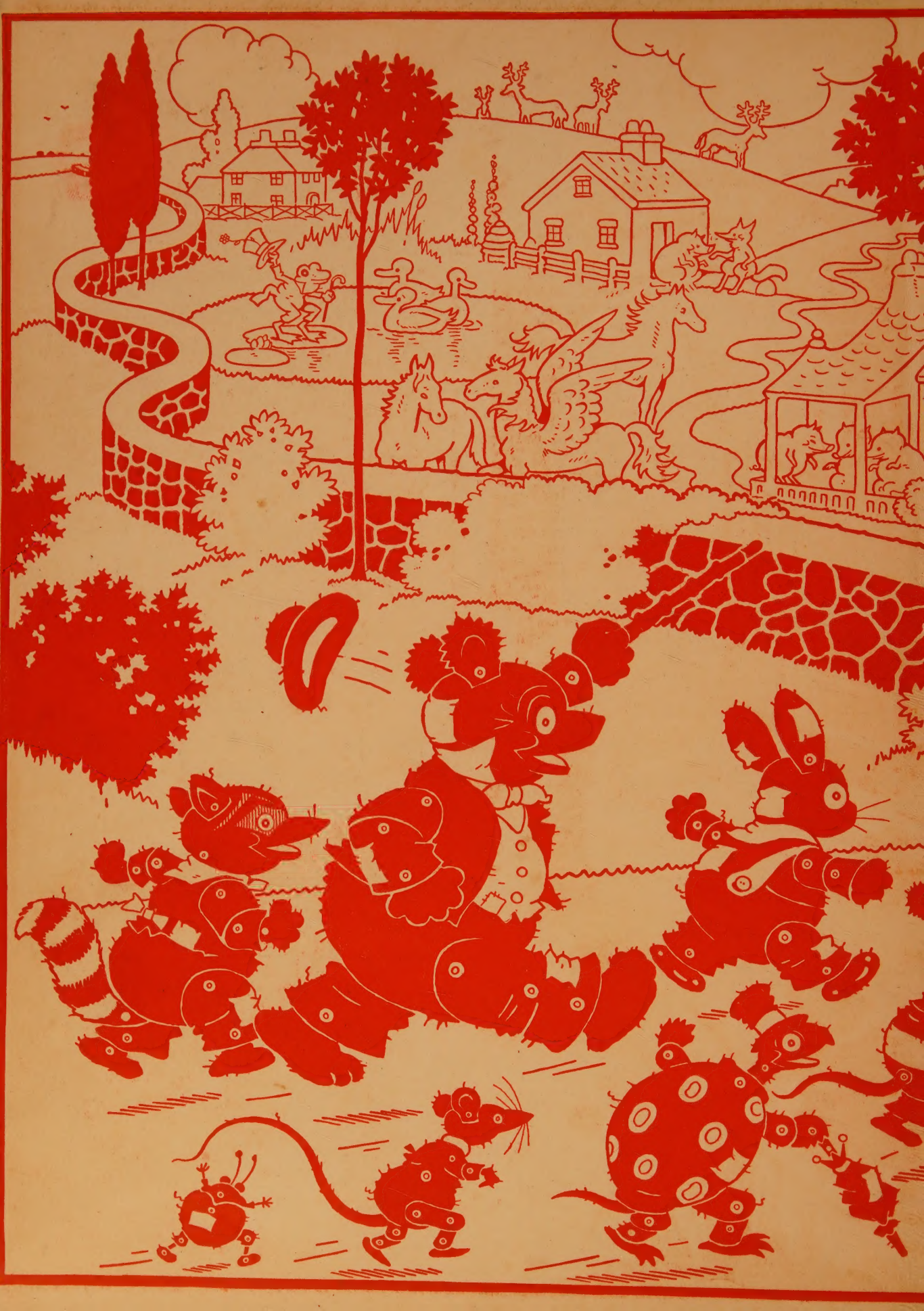
"I'm sure we went," said Raggedy Bear, "but the fairies have a way of making you forget. It couldn't have been just a dream."

"Let's wait a while and see whether the Round Robin does come, anyhow," said Raggedy Turtle. So they waited a long time, and then decided he was not coming. They did not see the Round Robin that morning—nor did they ever see him again.

At last the Raggedy Animals all went home, wondering whether they had *really* been to Fairyland, and yet, strangely enough, quite certain that they had been there.

They often talked about it, and never really could decide.

"Some day we shall remember," Raggedy Rabbit would say—but they never did!



THE FARM OF THE
FRIENDLY ANIMALS

O8-CRL-539